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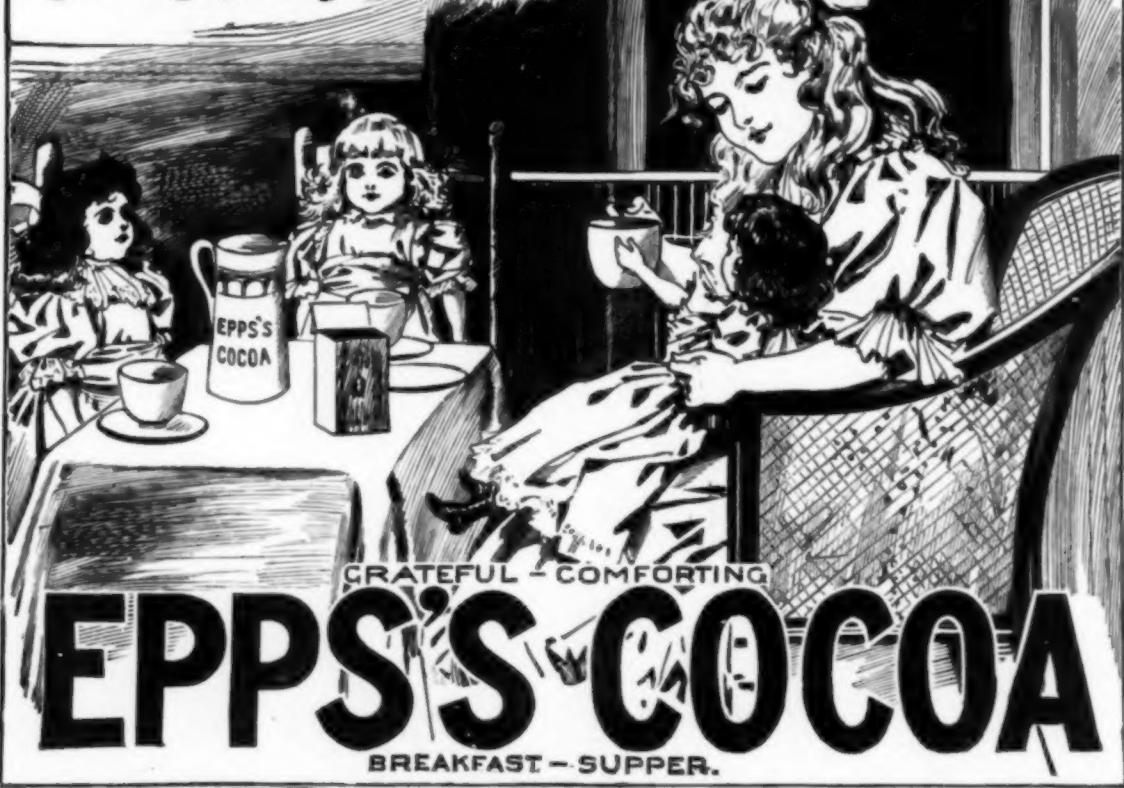
2 FEB

# THE JUDGE



VOL. V. (NEW SERIES) NO. 28. FEBRUARY, '98

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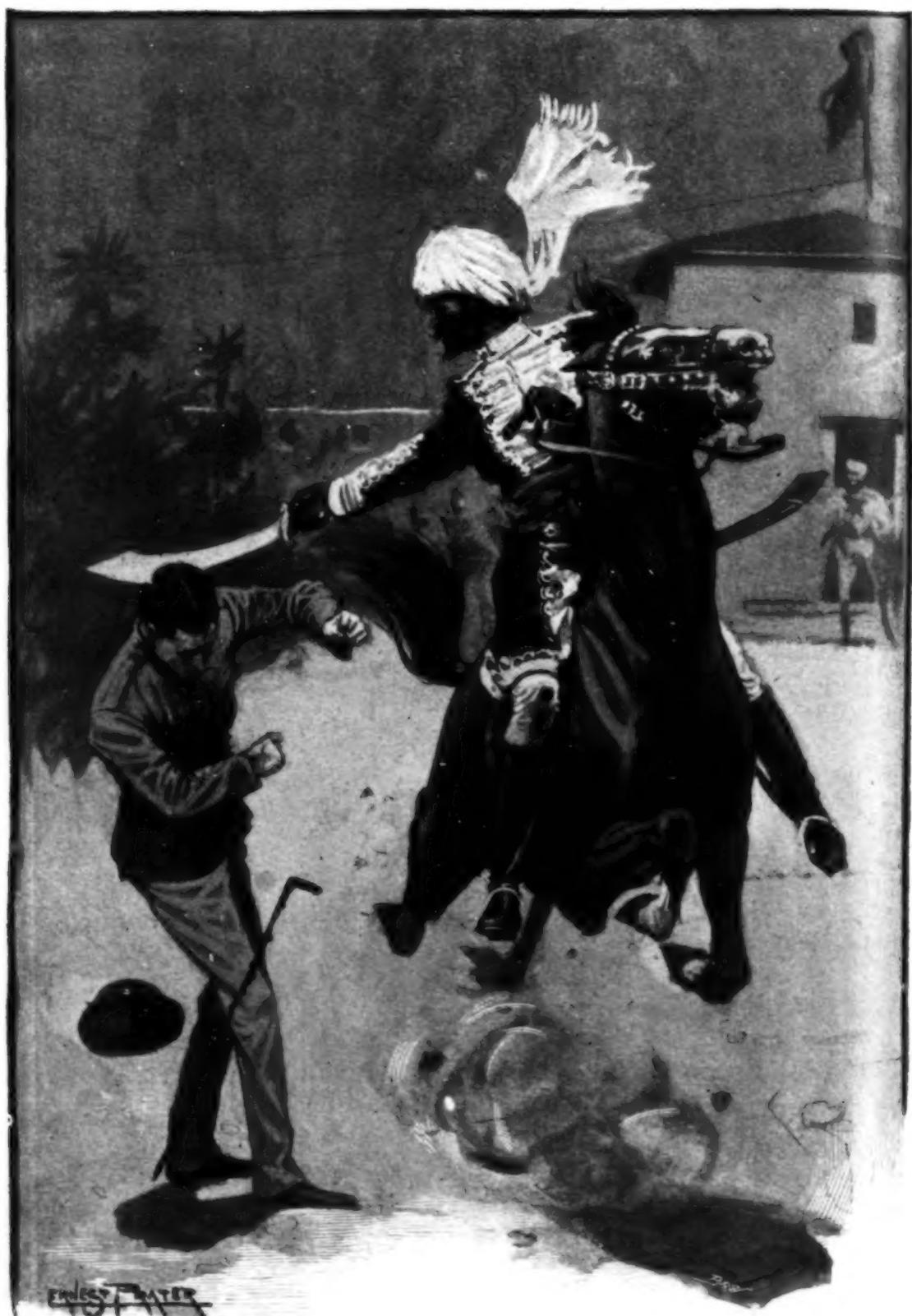
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"THE INDIAN CLEFT HIM THROUGH THE SKULL"

(See "The Deeds of Michael Niel," page 374)

# *The Wife of Two*

WRITTEN BY OLIVER LEAKE. ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON

## CHAPTER I.

EVERY soon after Maitland's marriage Carrington took a new house. Unmarried himself, and unsentimental, the several facts which go to the making of marriages—matter, and spirit, and circumstance—had never made that combined attack before which the stoutest bachelor must fall. He had travelled much; he had seen many women; he had helped to write chapters himself in the autobiographies of maids and wives and widows, after the manner of the great army of the unattached or loosely attached; but these chapters had been merely parts of other people's books. He was thirty, and had sounded life, but had never been the lead himself—gone down into the depths and come up into the light. This was Anthony Carrington when he came home to assist at the marriage of his old friend, Hilary Maitland, to Esther Brooke. Maitland, a robust person in those days, was very pleased with his capture. She had beauty, wit, and a sense of virtue which promised to more than atone for his own deficiencies, and produce a respectable average. She would look well in his house; she would make every man of his acquaintance envy him; she would be a delightful companion to him in his best moments; and that she should teach him her ideals was part of a recognised programme. So might it have been but for the fact that Maitland felt it necessary to ask to his wedding the man whom of all his friends he felt would most envy him.

Carrington, inclined at first to laugh at the lover's rhapsodies, reluctantly consented to officiate as best man, and hurried back to England for that purpose, arriving, indeed, only on the morning of the wedding. He found

Maitland in a state of nervous excitement, painfully anxious to have his acquisition approved, like a man who has made a plunge over purchasing a picture and waits a connoisseur's verdict.

"Wait until you have talked to her before you form an opinion," was his advice, "and then when you know her see if you don't envy me."

"I shall know her directly I see her," said Carrington, "and know whether I envy you."

The other smiled with easy indulgence. "You should get married yourself," he said, with the large-hearted indulgence of the man who has staked his future towards an unpaired humanity.

It was not until after the ceremony, at the reception in Grosvenor Gardens, that Carrington had any real opportunity to vindicate his character for insight. For a few minutes in a corner of the room, after she had come down in her travelling dress, in the midst of a few conventional speeches, the bride and the bridegroom's friend compared each other with Hilary's descriptions. Esther was pulling on her gloves, when she raised her eyes for an instant full to his. It was only a flash, but in that instant she understood what she had never understood before—that she had married a man she did not love, ignorantly and like a child, without knowing what love meant.

She dropped her eyes, but Carrington held her with his until she felt her strength and will going from her.

"Good-bye." She put out her hand like a shy girl. Maitland would have laughed at the notion of her ever being shy.

"Good-bye." Carrington bent over it an instant, and then she was gone, leaving him with the half of a secret

which seemed to be written savagely in every space around him; that here was a woman not wanting to be wooed and won, but his by the immediate law of

right and might—the woman he had come to think did not exist, and he had missed her path when it crossed his by a day.

## CHAPTER II.

ESTHER was to Maitland what is commonly called a good wife. She fulfilled all the letter of the law relating to husbands and wives, but not the spirit, wherein lies all the difference between perfect and imperfect human relations. This inability to render up to him a thing which he did not understand was not in any degree because she would not, but because she could not. She did not attempt to teach him her ideals, understanding now that such transplanted growths never take to themselves any substantial existence. She was gracious, considerate, and beautiful. Realising how much she could not give him, she gave him the more generously what she could; and as this lower measure was his highest measure, on one side at least the marriage seemed entirely satisfactory. The fear which exists when one or the other of the contracting parties has a separate existence too sacred to be shared was his. For some reason which he did not understand, he stood in no little awe of his wife; but her supreme consideration and tenderness prevented this disturbing him to any inconvenient extent. For her part, she had a little dream-world in which she took herself apart at intervals to dwell.

She saw Carrington but seldom; intimate conversation with him she had none, but yet needed no telling that his wandering, desultory life was interwoven with hers in a manner inexplicable and dreary, but not without at times a certain exquisite delight. The futility of her present life, when weighed by the side of what she had just missed, seemed sufficiently patent, so she waited for her real life to begin. If she had not been mistaken in him, then the first move was his; if she was nursing an illusion, then she would be meting out to herself her own punishment. In the meantime, Maitland found her a complaisant wife;

he was envied on all hands to his great satisfaction; and though he sometimes marvelled at the times when her dreaminess deserted her and she was radiant and brilliant, he did not at all grasp the fact that these were the few, very few occasions when Carrington was present. Always distinguished and beautiful at these times she was transfigured. Joyous, full of high spirits, and radiant with vitality, she would for a period fascinate anew everybody who came in contact with her. Maitland's admiration used then to find expression in remarks to his friends.

"You should get married, Anthony. It's a desperate risk, but a fellow doesn't know what life is until he's taken the plunge. You won't find another woman like Esther easily; but it would rouse you up and make a man of you to feel that someone depended on you."

"One doesn't force the hand of one's fate," said Carrington, and then turned to answer a remark from Esther.

"You have been away? Where?"

"Who told you?"

"I knew."

"In Egypt."

"Are you going again?"

"Yes."

"For long?"

"England does not suit me."

"For long?"

"Until I can come back to stay."

"Why do you stay away so much?"

"I do not trust myself sufficiently at home."

She did not attempt to misunderstand, as a smaller person might have done. "I shall pray that the gods watch over your wanderings. I do not think—I do not think you will be long."

"My wanderings never let me go out of sight of ——"

"Of what——?"

"Of my image of you."

She raised her eyes to his. "This is the last time we shall meet like this. Are you never afraid of the future?"

"I have seen Hell, and I have seen Heaven; what have I to fear more?"

"Good-bye," she said; and softly added, under her breath, "I don't think I shall be afraid any more."

### CHAPTER III.

IN the course of fulfilling such small requirements as Maitland asked of his wife, Esther, gave to him an heir. Carrington was abroad at the time, but came home, hearing the news, with a vivid sense of evil anticipated, though all accounts pointed to a speedy convalescence. On the day, though, when he arrived in England, it was to hear that fever had set in, that she had had a sudden relapse, and that same evening she died.

For a month Maitland was broken-hearted, his grief taking the form of passionate outcry to his friends against the hardness of Fate. In the first upheaval of trying to acquire new habits

in which a wife had no part, he committed himself to extravagant statements as to the everlasting quality of his present sentiments, and this in not one but a dozen different quarters. As a

consequence, when time began to round off the broken corners, and the mental image of Esther evinced a tendency to



"SHE WAS PUTTING ON HER GLOVES"

-17-

grow faint, he found himself and his growing light-heartedness continually confronted by echoes of the despairing widower of a few months since. Some temporary embarrassment this caused

him, but nothing more; and it was counterbalanced by a developing conviction that there were many women in the world with whom it was possible to be happy without exercising that care over his lower nature which contact with Esther had required of him. To Carrington he turned in these days, because Carrington never confronted him with his past utterances, never lowered him in his own eyes, and never talked of Esther. Sublimely unconscious that the other man's care of him rested on the fact that anything which had once held Esther was sacred to her, he took Carrington's friendship as a tribute to himself, and drifted out again on to that placid stream of happiness from which his course could only temporarily be diverted. Carrington meanwhile permanently settled in England, was occupied over his new house, and a general belief became current among his friends that he was meditating marriage. On Campden Hill he found the place he required—a small house, snugly ensconced between two of much greater pretensions, but leaving no doubt as to which of the three was the most comfortable. It was an old house, with quaint doorways and wainscotting, and rooms on slightly differing levels, reached by flights of two or three stairs. Of course it was imperative that its furnishing and decoration should be in keeping. Carrington, endowed with leisure, money, and fastidious taste, took ample time over this department. He drifted round the Continent and country, buying in odd corners such things as pleased him, a certain common-sense with which he was plentifully endowed saving him from falling into either of the errors of turning the place into a museum, or crowding it with bric-à-brac. When in the course of time it was finished there seemed to be nothing lacking but a mistress, and if at any hour of the day or night the woman it lacked had walked into it, she would have found no one thing lacking to ensure her instant convenience and comfort.

Maitland, from his greater intimacy, remarked this first. Pulling himself up short one day in front of a picture in the

library, he relapsed into an unusual thoughtfulness. "That was one of poor Esther's favourite pictures."

"Yes!"

"I believe she would rather have liked the little place—a bit too dingy and quiet for her, though. She was never satisfied without society and excitement, and you're not a very gay chap."

"No," assented Carrington, "I'm not a very gay chap."

"Is it true, what people are saying, that you're going to get married?"

"I don't imagine you will ever see a mistress of this house; but that's a matter one does not dogmatise about. A man says he will never be married and there comes an instant imperative knock at the door. He swears a woman shall be his, and the front door slams on his hopes. He turns philosopher, and the painfully gathered philosophy runs out of his life like sand out of an hour-glass."

Maitland strolled over to the fire, lit a cigar, and tried to look sapient.

"I daresay you're wise; marriage is a queer game, as queer if you win as if you lose. You're best not taking a hand, and you're really the last person in the world who ought to marry."

"Yes," said Carrington, interrogatively. "Why?"

"Because you would never marry the right girl—the girl who would make you happy; and the girl you would want to marry you would make miserable. I've been married and I don't speak idly, and you remember Esther—as good a wife as any devil could hope to be blessed with—yet I know now, when I am quite candid with myself, what is the best that marriage means."

"And it means what—disillusion?"

"Disillusion. It means you gain a great deal, but you lose just as much. It means that you are happy at times, and at times you long for the old free days. It means school days again, with the holidays and the prizes; and you are lucky if the prizes and the holidays keep you from remembering the drudgery."

He got up and stretched himself like a well-warmed, well-fed cat, and was about



"BOWED TO AN IMAGINARY HOSTESS"

to subside into a vacant chair opposite Carrington, when the latter interposed.

"Try this chair," he said. "You'll find it more comfortable."

Maitland looked round the snug room—at the firelight, at the book-lined walls, and then at Carrington, with his dark hair, early streaked with grey.

"This sort of life, I suppose, just suits you. It's too bloodless for me; but then our temperaments differ. After all you have everything you want but the one thing you think you want. Take my advice, and let well alone."

As time went on and the little house in Cornwallis Place knew no mistress, it

seemed as though Carrington had laid his friend's advice to heart. He went out more into society ; he gave little dinners, and entertained a select circle of friends. You might be sure of meeting at his table, not the latest lion, but people who had something to say, and could say it well, for the reason that they knew it well. On Sundays he went for long, lonely country walks and river trips, and time as it went on seemed to forget, to leave him untouched, so that he grew younger, not older. Meantime, a few little peculiarities about the house began to gain for it a curious reputation. No servants, in the first place, would stay there except the two Indian importations who had long been Carrington's steadfast bodyguard. Precisely why this was, no one realised; but it was understood to be not remotely connected with the manner in which household orders were issued, and with curious occurrences in occupied rooms. One general phrase, however, sufficed to cover such vague phenomena. Cornwallis Place was said to be haunted, and its master mad. Stories of this nature, once started, began to develop to an amusing extent. Faces were seen at windows, mysterious figures were said to enter with silent latch-keys. Everyone knew there was a sort of Bluebeard's Chamber in the house, into which not even the Indian servants dared penetrate; and the imperturbable Carrington was subjected to much chaff and questioning.

"I'll tell you what it is, you fellows," said Burgoyne, one night when a small party was dining in Cornwallis Place—Burgoyne had just gained a commission in the Lancers, and was inclined to be rowdy—"we'll have the ghost to dinner to-night. Raal, bring another chair."

The Indian looked inquiringly at his master, who leaned back, smiled, and nodded. With scarcely a moment's hesitation the chair was placed at the head of the table. Carrington sat upright in a second, and watched it fixedly.

"The fact of the matter is," said Burgoyne, "this dog of a host of ours has been making fools of us."

"Shame!" came in chorus down the table.

"It is with diffidence I break the news to you which he has so long withheld, but all this time he has been deceiving us. Gentlemen, our worthy host is married, and his wife is kept immured here, that the world may not know her."

Renewed cries of "Shame!"

"Raal," Burgoyne called across the table, "will you tell your mistress we wait her pleasure?"

The native smiled gravely, and glanced at the empty chair.

"When a man does not introduce his wife to his friends," continued Burgoyne, now fairly launched on a speech, "there are only two possible explanations. He may be either ashamed of her—Gentlemen, I ask you to put that suggestion on one side, as casting a reflection on our host's taste—or he may be jealous of other eyes resting on her. Gentlemen, that is a reflection on us. So to-night, my friends, Mrs. Carrington will honour us. Maitland, the door."

Throughout all this little extravaganza Carrington never moved, but he was the first to rise to his feet as Maitland, falling into the spirit of the joke, flung open the door, and bowed to an imaginary hostess. Then with a laugh places were resumed. But that dinner-party was not as others at Cornwallis Place. A restraint was on the company; the talk was confined to better-ordered channels; a spirit of seriousness was in the air, and no Mrs. Carrington, had she been present, could have been offended at any topic or chance remark. And then a strange thing happened; the little farce at the beginning was almost forgotten, only the vacant chair stood as an empty reminder, when, suddenly, there was an instantaneous pause in the conversation; no one knew who started the movement, though each accused the other subsequently; but all the men with one accord and one impulse rose to their feet, and Carrington himself, stepping forward, opened the door for the imaginary exit. "It's as well to see a joke out," he said, as he took his seat again. "Raal, bring the other cigars."

\* \* \* \* \*

This dinner-party was not forgotten, nor was the fantastic idea allowed to die



"TRY THIS CHAIR"

Mrs. Carrington had her place at many a succeeding ceremony, until the circumstance came to be looked upon as most commonplace and ordinary, and its omission would have excited more comment than its practice. Each every-day event had a period when it was a marvel, and the mythical Mrs. Carrington was speedily an every-day event, merely an outcome of Carrington's queer ideas; for it was soon forgotten that the original ceremony was started by the young lieutenant in the Lancers. But be this as it may, the idea soon became familiarised in other directions with all who went to Cornwallis Place. If Carrington was discovered sitting in the library, there was always the empty chair opposite, which no one thought of taking. At the theatre or opera it was long afterwards remarked by Maitland that, somehow or other, Carrington always had a vacant seat beside him, taken, as he once explained, "for someone who had not put in an appearance"; and when he went out for his river and other expeditions it never even occurred to anyone to volunteer to accompany him. His home was not a bachelor's home; his ways were not a bachelor's ways. The flowers about the place bore the touch of a woman's hand; a woman's influence was felt directly you entered the door; and Carrington was not an effeminate man. Always you expected to see someone with a shimmer of silk and diamonds come through one of the rooms, or to meet on the stairs some slight, lithe figure, or to see a portrait come to life; anything, indeed, which could bring a couple of mocking, dancing eyes to ask how in the world anyone should think it possible that Carrington could exist without a woman in his world.

"I wonder," began Maitland once, "are you such an enigma as we used to think you?"

"Everyone is an enigma," said Carrington sententiously.

"I know; but you seem to me merely a man who has shirked life and its responsibilities. You were made to worship something, and you worship—what? Nothing. You were born with a lot of queer ideals about women, and

about men, too, I daresay; consequently, for fear of getting black, you touch nothing, and never know the luxury of a thorough good wash. You would appreciate a good woman just because she was good, whereas I should appreciate her because I know what a very bad lot a vicious one could be. Of course, marriage is a risky game, but a man's a coward who doesn't dare risk damning himself, and you're not a coward; but if you can damn yourself and pull yourself out of hell first, that is the best time to get married; only don't make the woman try to pull you out; don't go near her until you're clear, or she'll presume on it afterwards. I shall expect to see your wife before the year's out."

Carrington stirred the fire thoughtfully. "It's all right as far as I am concerned. I've been in that hell. Once I thought I would like to know what was best worth having in life, and I found it was the most expensive thing they keep down there, for the devil brought me the bill to pay, I remember, before ever I looked at what I was buying; but I squared the account at the end of a few years, and then I just knew. There are a lot of women in that hell, and there's a lot of hell in a few years. Do you think I'll pass my marriage exam?"

"You'll do," said Maitland; "I shall expect to see her before the year's out."

\* \* \* \* \*

The year drew to a close, but the only event of any particular interest which it saw was Maitland's second marriage. He broke the news to Carrington one night, who sat himself down patiently to hear about the new divinity's virtues; but Maitland had little to say.

"It's no good, Anthony, I've tried; but life isn't worth a hang without a woman about you, and how the devil you stand it I don't know. It's not good for man to be alone; and though Eve wasn't a very convincing argument to the contrary, it certainly isn't good for this particular person. Because I made one mistake—O, I can see now that my marriage with Esther was a mistake. She never understood me, and I suppose I never took the trouble

to understand her. But that's done with—"

"That's done with," interposed Carrington softly.

"Because I made one mistake there's no reason why I should make another. Anthony, old fellow, I'm going to be

where at the back of me. I daresay you think me a brute, but is one to chuck up happiness for the sake of sentiment?"

Carrington held out his hand. "Leave the sentiment and go for the happiness. It's only fools who play with the one,



"IT'S BEEN A GOOD TIME, HASN'T IT?"

happy, and that's the only thing worth a rap."

"The only thing, and the only difficult thing."

"I'm talking Scripture to-night; but there's something about the dead past burying its dead running in my head. Well, there's a good old graveyard some-

and it's only the strong who know what the other may mean; and I am not going to call you a brute, because the biggest fool of all is he who lets the past bury its dead in front of him. I wish you joy."

And so Maitland took another wife, and found life well worth living. Car-

rington did not go to the wedding, but went for a long walk over the Surrey hills; and after dinner Raal, entering the library, saw him sitting opposite the empty chair smoking a cigarette, and carried word to the servants' quarters that the master seemed very pleased tonight, and that the gods must have smiled on him.

After this, the vagaries of the owner of the little house in Cornwallis Place ceased much to trouble society. Something newer arose to excite interest, and the questions as to whether he would or would not marry, whether he was or had been married, faded into the unimportance of all past events. His friends had a tendency to drift away from him; even Maitland, in his new married life, found little time to keep up an intimacy which it had always rested with him to keep up, for Carrington ran after no man, and never courted a friendship, least of all this one in particular. So it came about that except when his wife was away—for Maitland was a man who had no idea that either his wife or himself should be surfeited with each other's society—except at such times, the two friends rarely met; but then he invariably came round to talk over old times and expound his philosophy of life. The same order, the same ceremony, pervaded the place as in the days of the famous dinner-party, when the imaginary hostess was introduced. "Do you remember that night?" he asked, one evening before dinner. It was some three years subsequently.

Carrington did remember it very well.

"Burgoyne must have been a bit on—indeed, I think we must all have been a bit on. What a long time since it all seems; and the place still wants a mistress, though the odd thing about this place is, you know, that it does not look like a man's house, but I suppose that was what inspired him. Every room has an air about it—an air as though a woman had just walked through it. I always expect that door to open and someone to come in and apologise for being late, and, do you know, it would seem so much what I had been

expecting that I don't think I should be even surprised."

He was about to drop into a chair when Carrington's great boar-hound rose from under it and growled at him ominously. "It's odd how the Grand Duke always objects to my sitting in that chair. I remember he protested last time."

"Dogs have queer fancies," said Carrington. "I daresay they see things in their strange heads that we don't see; but come, we'll go to dinner."

"And we'll ask Mrs. Carrington to join us, just for the sake of old times."

Half mockingly Maitland took the lead and went down the staircase as though with his hostess on his arm. Turning half way down he looked over his shoulder at Carrington. "I say," he said gaily, "do you think my wife would see the humour of this?"

"Humour!" said Carrington. "Lord! I wonder do you see the humour of it?"

• • • •

That was the last time they dined together. Long before opportunity arose for another of Maitland's periodic visits Carrington was taken seriously ill with a prevalent form of fever. A man of robust physique, to whom any form of illness was a thing almost unknown, the disease laid hold of him, ravaged him and brought him to death's door in a disastrously short space of time, leaving him, when the crisis was past, too shattered to rally, even with the strongest will in the world. A man of varied acquaintance, he had possessed but few friends, and this illness served to emphasize the fact. Told that the end was near, he asked to see no one, but lay contentedly awaiting an event which it had never occurred to him to fear. One man, and one only, hearing of his condition, came to see him before he died, and that was Maitland. He arrived but just in time. In the earlier stages of his illness, Carrington, wearying of his bedroom, had insisted upon having a bed made up on a great divan in the library; and here, in the room where he was accustomed to sit with him, Maitland found him now, conscious only at

fitful intervals, staring into vacancy, and with one transparent hand stretched out into a chair by the side of the extemporeised bed. Maitland, about to seat himself here, was stopped by one of the Indian attendants, who had nursed their master with unremitting care. With a half laugh which seemed strangely out of keeping in the place, he remembered the old superstition, and, giving in to the whim, seated himself on the foot of the divan to wait for a moment of returning consciousness. It came, after a long interval, with a muttered word which riveted Maitland's wandering thoughts:

"Esther."

Instantly Maitland's fancy flew back to the old days of his pride in his first wife, to the impalpable screen which, from the day of his marriage, had made her inner life a temple into which his ruder nature could not penetrate. Carrington stirred again, feebly lifted his hand from the chair, looked at it and closed it with a nervous tension. "Dear Esther," he said softly; "it's been a good time, hasn't it?"

Then for the first time he seemed to see the awe-struck Maitland, and the sight brought back a glimmer of his old self. "Hallo, Maitland! It was good of you to get away; I thought you were shooting. Isn't it strange! the humour of it: you and Esther. You said you saw the humour of it."

Maitland leaned forward and tried to speak, but had no words; he only saw Carrington take his hand from the chair and carry another forgotten but familiar hand to his lips, while a slight figure he had once known so well leaned forward from the chair to implant a long kiss on a face from which the light of life was passing. For one instant he took in the picture—Esther—with one hand resting on the boar-hound's neck, with the other in Carrington's, the while she bent over him with a look in her eyes of supreme happiness which had never been his prerogative. Then he rose and walked in dazed fashion from the room, away from a scene where his presence seemed not merely irrelevant, but a wanton desecration.

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### IN FEBRUARY

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THE ice-floes crash and grind upon the tide,  
A keen North wind strikes with the chill of steel—  
The city, with pale lamps—in mute appeal—  
Sits silent, yellow-eyed!

What time is this, dear heart, of love to sing?  
Yet shall a white rose for thy feast be found,  
One rose—that, spite of Winter iron-bound—  
Lives for thee till the Spring.

EDWARD F. STRANGE.



**N**EARLY thirty years ago Colonel the Hon. H. F. Eaton conceived the idea of making a collection of war medals "to prevent the entire disappearance of honourable decorations



**COLONEL THE HON. H. F. EATON**  
Photo by Chancellor, Dublin

granted for good service, which might occur through death of owner, accidental loss, or sale." The idea grew with what it fed upon, and eventually embraced a design to gather together such an array as would illustrate the war medals of Great Britain from 1650 to our own times.

That no meagre harvest has attended Colonel Eaton's assiduous labours may be inferred from the magnificent collection which he has loaned temporarily to the museum of the Royal United Service Institution at Whitehall. It may be that there are one or two other col-

lections as large, that the series is not wholly complete, that the friendly rivals of Colonel Eaton can boast a little over the possession of unique specimens not to be found in his cases; but there is probably no collection in existence which covers so wide a range or is so thoroughly representative of British heroism. And as with the medals so with their owner. Colonel Eaton has a profound knowledge of his subject; he talks with ease and interest on naval and military engagements alike; he handles a multiplicity of bewildering dates and names with unfailing precision; he relates, with a soldier's en-



**SPANISH ARMADA MEDAL**

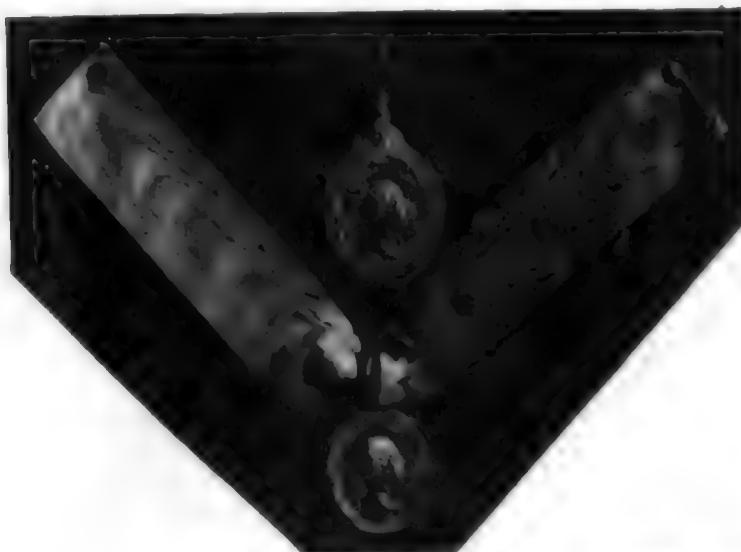
thusiasm, the valiant deeds, whether of private or officer, which won the decorations now in his hands.



MEDAL FOR DUNBAR

The oldest medal of the collection undoubtedly has some connection with

an engraver named Simon, who had been instructed by the Parliament to journey to Scotland and secure an accurate drawing of the "effigies" of the Lord General for the medal which was to perpetuate the issue of that grim struggle. Cromwell was surprised to receive such a visitor; thought he had come "a great journey about a business importing so little"; suggested that one side of the medal should bear a picture of the Parliament and the other that of an army, with the motto "The Lord of Hosts" above it; and, in any case, begged as a favour that he might be



CULLODEN MEDALS



DAVISON'S NILE MEDAL

the stirring days of the Spanish Armada, but just what connection it would be rash to say. It is known that Elizabeth caused a medal to be struck to commemorate the overthrow of the Spanish forces, but the decoration appears to have been imitated in many forms. What is certain of the specimen reproduced is that it is not a modern imitation, for it is figured in a book on medals which has itself attained a venerable age. The reverse is adorned with a tree on an island, and the truly British motto of "Dangers themselves cannot affect."

It is an easier matter to relate the fortunes of the Dunbar medal. Four months after the rout of the Scottish army, in September, 1650, Oliver Cromwell was waited upon at Edinburgh by

spared "having my effigies in it." No doubt the Parliament thought their



BOULTON'S TRAFALGAR MEDAL

Lord General too modest; they took his hint for the reverse, but carried out their own idea for the obverse,



MEDAL STRUCK FOR INDIAN CHIEFS

merely adding the words which had been the battle-cry of Dunbar. One other reminiscence of Scottish warfare may be noted ere passing to the wider field of foreign conflict. The medal of Culloden recalls the final efforts of the Stuarts to regain the English crown; and the obverse, with its bust of the Duke of Cumberland, connects it with a



NEW ZEALAND VICTORIA CROSS

memory which lingers resentfully in many a Jacobite song. The medal was struck in gold and silver, the former—of which some fifty were distributed—being shown attached to the ribbon in the photograph. The silver replica was never issued.

Both the medals commemorating the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar owe their existence to private patriotism and generosity. In those days the British Government had not yet realised even the utilitarian value of bestowing such rewards for the gallantry of its soldiers



C.B. STAR

and sailors; that was a lesson that Waterloo was to teach. But the valour which won those sea-fights of deathless memory did not fail of recognition. The medal which celebrates the victory of the Nile was the gift of Mr. Davison, Lord Nelson's agent. On the reverse, illustrated in the photograph, is a picture of the British Fleet sailing into Aboukir Bay; on the obverse a bust of Nelson, with the words, "Europe's Hope and Britain's Glory." Nelson's bust figures again in the Trafalgar medal, while the opposite side bears the historic signal of

that day. It was provided by the liberality of Mr. Boulton, whose application to the Government for permission to strike it was immediately granted. One was given to every sailor who bore arms that day on board the British Fleet, and a copy in gold was presented to Nelson's family.

Among the medals difficult to classify is that presented to Sergeant John Harris, of the Royal African Corps. It had its origin in the days of George III., whose bust it bears, and appears to have been intended primarily as a decoration for



PENINSULA MEDALS

Indian chiefs who had rendered service to the British Government. This particular specimen, however, was won on the West Coast of Africa, where Sergeant Harris, in command of a gunboat with one gun and eleven men, captured a Spanish brig of eighteen guns.

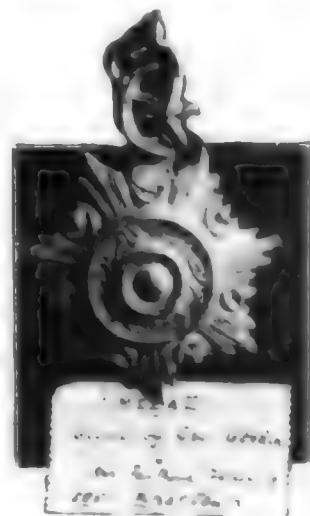
Not many people are aware that New Zealand has a Victoria Cross of its own, and even Colonel Eaton has never seen one worn. But the order has existed since 1869, and its articles correspond to a large extent with those of its more famous namesake. There appears to have been a little friction between the

colonists and the home authorities when the cross was first issued, but peace soon prevailed and the decoration is still



PENINSULA GOLD CROSS

to be won. Only about a score of men possess it, the last having been given in 1883. Like the more celebrated V.C., it carries with it a pension of £10 a year for life. Somewhat similar in form is the C.B. star bestowed upon military Companions of the Order of the Bath.



GENERAL GORDON'S MEDAL

Some of the most valuable medals in Colonel Eaton's collection owe their existence to the "glorious frequency of

a gold cross bearing the names of the actions in which he had taken part.

We shall never know all the facts connected with General Gordon's medal. The material is only common lead, but



TURKISH GOLD MEDAL FOR 1801

victories in the Peninsula" during the years 1808-9. At first two gold medals of different sizes were instituted, the larger being reserved for general officers and the smaller for field officers. But heroes were plentiful and medals became inconveniently numerous. As a way

out of this unusual difficulty it was ordered that when any officer asserted himself in bravery for the fourth time his medals were to be exchanged for

probably the faithful followers in Khartoum for whom he had it struck valued it none the less on that account. The specimen in Colonel Eaton's collection was given him by a brother officer, who in turn received it from a native of the city in which Gordon met his tragic fate.

It is pleasant to know that British pluck has its admirers in foreign lands, a fact which is convincingly illustrated by the medals which have been bestowed on our soldiers and sailors by foreign



THE WAR MEDAL



MEDAL WORN BY ONE OF  
THE MEN WHO BURIED  
SIR JOHN MOORE



MEDAL AND CHAIN OF VILLIERS-EN-COUCHE AND ORDER OF MARIA THERESA

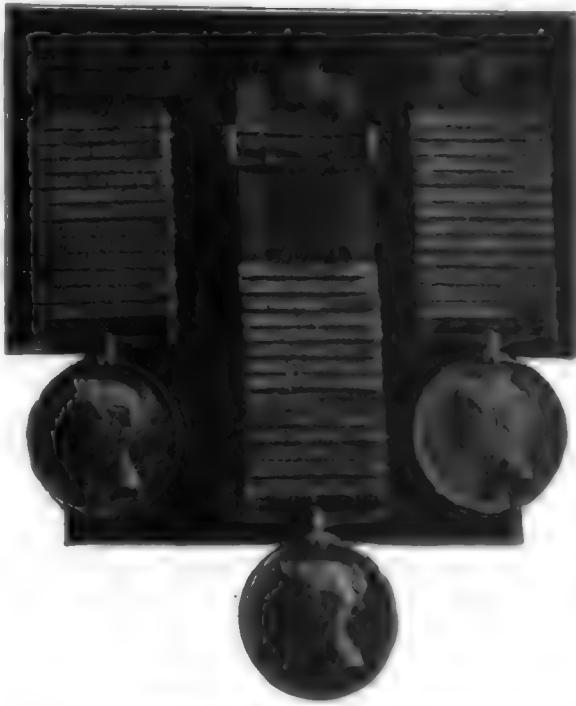
Powers. Let two illustrations suffice. The first may be seen in the reproductions of the Sultan of Turkey's gold medal for the Egyptian war of 1801. This was issued in three different sizes, but in each case the metal used was gold. The other example of foreign



RECORD ARRAY OF CLASPS

decoration introduces us to the most valuable medal in the collection, the gold medal and chain of Villiers-en-Couché, and the Order of Maria Theresa, given by the Emperor of Germany to eight British officers. It was only as an after-thought that the latter Order came to be bestowed, the Emperor being at first under the impression that it could not be conferred on foreigners. The medal itself is unique, being restricted to the eight British officers.

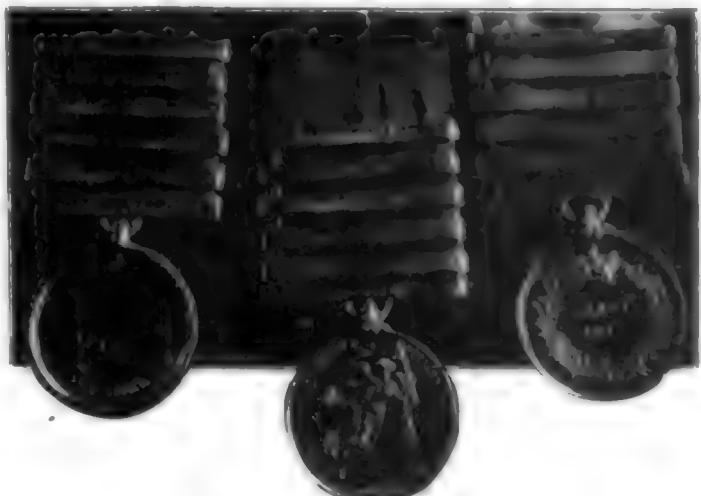
Special interest attaches to the accompanying specimen of the war medal, commonly known as the "Peninsula



MEDALS OF THREE BROTHERS

Medal." It will be found that the ribbon is hidden with crape, its owner, Quartermaster Charles Weston, having attended the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. A short time afterwards Weston himself died, and his medal remains to-day exactly as he wore it when he followed his chief to his grave. Another medal recalling memories of a historic funeral is that which belonged to Private J. McLean, one of the men who took part in the burial of Sir John Moore.

Several medal collectors have wept



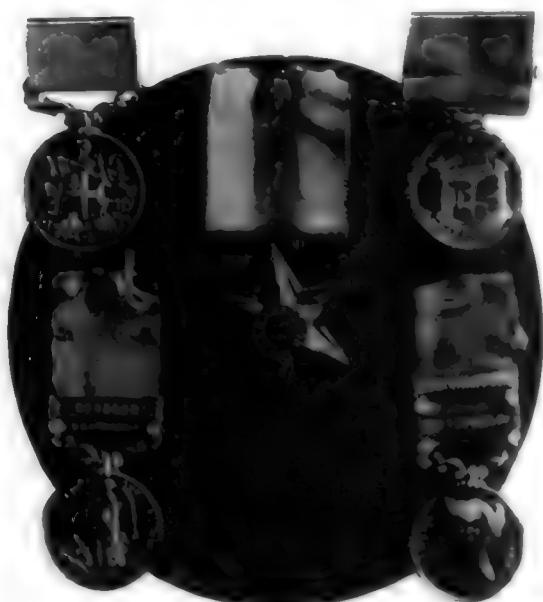
HERO OF FIFTY-TWO NIGHTS



MEDALS AND ORDERS OF LIEUT.-GENERAL  
SIR C. F. SMITH

tears of sorrow over the fifteen clasps which adorn the decoration of Private James Talbot. They thought they had done well to secure specimens with thirteen clasps, but here is one which

goes two better than their ambitions had ever reached. It is a record for the British Army. And then there are the medals of the three brothers Hardy, all of whom served in the 7th Foot. One brother claims fourteen clasps for his share, and the other two thirteen apiece. Corporal John Wilson, too, appears to have annexed more than his fair portion of honours; but when it is remembered that he took part in fifty-two engagements, no one will grudge him the eighteen clasps—six to each medal—which were given him by the officers of his regiment.



MEDALS OF SERGEANT-MAJOR CULLRN



MEDALS OF SERGEANT JAMES MUNRO

Colonel Eaton can show many interesting groups of medals belonging to individual men. Those of Lieutenant-General Sir C. F. Smith include the Cross of St. Fernando of Spain, a K.C.B., and the Sultan's gold medal for Acre. The latter medal was given in bronze to the sailors and marines of the squadron commanded by Sir Robert Stopford; but the recipients were not greatly impressed with the honour. Many protested that they did not intend wearing "the Sultan's farthing," and in the end the medal descended to the base uses of a canteen token!

# Crazy Madge

WRITTEN BY EDWIN PUGH. ILLUSTRATED BY G. GRENVILLE MANTON

## I.

A MAIDEN sat in a field of wheat making a garland of wildflowers. It was the fall of the day, and the sun was nearly done with its long business of setting. Gaunt fingers of shadow pointed toward the glaring harvest moon across the sleek hills. The maiden sang as she played with the flowers. Her black hair stole a tint of burnished red from the western sky; the moon blanched white her wistful, elfin face. Her dress was coarse and disordered: one thin, sharp shoulder shone white through the meshes of her locks. She shivered at the cold kiss of the insidious night, and her voice drooped to silence. She rose and looked around vacantly. The unfinished garland slipped through her slack fingers and lay forlornly in the harsh stubble.

A sudden gust stirred the long corn, and borne on the breath of the wind came a far-off whinnying. The maiden looked, and saw advancing toward her over the precious harvest a milk-white horse. It approached slowly, dragging its tired feet through the rippling wheat. It carried an empty saddle; a long, scarlet cloak trailed over its flanks. "Deary, deary!" cried the maiden. "What havoc in the crop!"

She ran down a path to meet the horse. It stopped at the sight of her in motion and half turned, as if afraid. She kept on, and still it stood in that attitude of indecision, looking at her. She came up quite close to it, and then it began to make away from her at a half walk, half trot. She clapped her hands, but the horse went on at the same pace as before. And now, with the critical-eye of a rustic, she began to admire its noble proportions. It was no drudging beast from a farm, but a fine blood-mare with flowing, silken mane and tail. The maiden fol-

lowed it across the field, drawn on by curiosity. A certain dread grew in her as she realised the significance of the empty saddle and trailing cloak. A gap in the hedge was reached, and the horse jumped wearily through. It stood in the next field looking back at her, and she quickened her pace. She was within a yard of its streaming tail when it began to shamble off again. Across three fields it led her on, and then suddenly it stopped in the shadow of an oak.

It stood nosing a black figure on the ground, and when the maiden came up she found a man lying prostrate. He was unconscious. His head rolled restlessly from side to side, and he was raving in delirium. About his brows a bloody cloth was bound, and the red of blood stained his lace ruffles at neck and wrist. He lay upon his broad back, with his young, white face upturned. The maiden knelt on the damp earth and gazed with compassion into his agonised eyes. She shed tears at the sight of him, so strong and so helpless. The warm drops fell upon his cheek and glittered there.

She got up from her knees, and taking his hat, which lay upon the ground beside him, went to a brook close by for water. She laved his face and hands and wiped his dry lips. He strove to emerge from the mist which clogged his senses, and muttered a woman's name which was not hers. Then he began to sing—hoarsely, brokenly:

"'It's a gay, gay world!' sang the bold bravo,  
    'It's a gay, gay world!' sang he;  
But the maiden sighed at the Martintide:  
    'It's a sorry, sorry world for me!'

Pass the wine, dog! Health to her!—to HER!" He laughed. "S-sh! Hark!" And he listened.

There was a ruined, forsaken barn not fifty yards away, and the maiden gazed

toward it, reflecting ; for it was cold on the grass, and misty outposts of night were creeping up from the east. She raised the wounded man in her arms, and carried him painfully toward the barn. The horse followed with meek, drooping head. It was a heavy burden for so frail a maiden, but she struggled on bravely, and presently had him safely housed within the riddled walls. With some old sacks she made a bed on the broken floor. The horse stood without, contentedly cropping the grass. She fetched the trailing red cloak and spread it tenderly over the wounded man. Then she sat down, cross-legged, beside him, and watched whilst the full darkness came down.

## II.

THE maiden was nicknamed Crazy Madge, and she was very mad, for she lived aimlessly. Whilst others strove in the shadow of a morrow unprovided for, she culled the flowers of to-day and wore them on her heart. Her madness had surprised the secret of happiness which sanity pursues vainly. Her unconscious philosophy might have expressed itself thus : To-day is for those who live in the present, and to-day is the longest day ; to-morrow is for those who live in the future, and to-morrow never comes. Crazy Madge was a creature of instinct. She had grown up in a small village under the eye of a widowed mother, and she knew nothing of a life beyond the limits of her experience. But as she sat beside the wounded man in the forsaken barn, something new was born in her. Her heart thrilled with a proud consciousness. She had found her man.

He was sleeping now. She had removed his bandages, and washed the horrid wound disfiguring his brow. The moon was high in the sky, and still she sat there watching him. If she thought vaguely of fetching skilled aid, her jealousy crushed down the thought. She could share her ministrations with no one. He was her man, hers only !

Night passed and the day opened like a pale flower. She felt nor weariness

nor cold, despite her long, lonely vigil. She watched the rose-light of the morning mounting on the old stained wall, and her heart sang in her breast like a joyous bird. The wounded man stirred in his sleep. She put out her hand and touched him. He opened his eyes and looked at her. His delirium had passed.

"Who are you ?" he asked.

"I am Madge," she answered.

"And who is Madge ?"

She touched her breast.

He smiled, and then a look of fear killed his smile. He rose slowly on his elbow.

"Lie still," she said. "I—I will take care of you."

"You will not give me up ?"

"I will never give you up !" she said, fervently.

"Where is my mare ?"

"She is sleeping on the grass outside."

He breathed a sigh of relief.

"How came I here ?"

"I found you lying under a tree, out there," pointing toward the sun. "Your dear horse led me to you. And I carried you into this barn."

His eyes grew wide with astonishment.

"You carried me !" he cried. "How could you carry me ? Someone helped you ?"

"No," she said, "I did it alone. I was so sorry for you."

"Does anyone else know I am here ?"

She shook her head.

"Tell me all that has happened since you found me."

She told him. He listened in silence, and when she had done speaking he smiled again, for he had found out already that she was Crazy Madge.

"No one must know that I am here," he said. Then, struck by a sudden thought, he added, "My mare will be seen."

"O !" cried Madge.

"There is room in here for her too. I will go and bring her in."

"No, I will go," said Madge.

She hastened to lead in the mare. She found that in her absence the stranger had risen to his feet. He was leaning against the wall with his hand to his head.

"Help me to lie down again, sweet Madge," he whispered. He swayed toward her and she caught him in her arms. Very tenderly she laid him down upon the ground and spread the cloak over him. He closed his eyes in a half swoon. She hung over him pityingly, and kissed him on the lips. Greatly startled, he opened his eyes. He smiled at her. She met his gaze boldly, innocently, and smiled in answer. "Give me your hand,

said. "Does that make you afraid of me, Madge?"

"Why should it make me afraid of you?"

"Do you know what a highwayman is?"

"I have heard, but I forget," she answered. "It is so easy to forget."

"A highwayman is reckoned a very wicked fellow, my Madge."

"And you are a highwayman?" she laughed.



"THE MAIDEN KNELT ON THE DAMP EARTH"

my little sweet Madge," he said. And she gave him her hand in full trustfulness.

### III.

FOR three days the wounded man lay beside his horse in the old barn, and a widowed mother mourned for a daughter she thought dead. The barn had an evil reputation as the haunt of godless spirits, and its queer trio of occupants stayed hidden there, snug and unmolested. On the third day the wounded man revealed his identity to Crazy Madge.

"My name is Robbie Debarre, and I am what is called a highwayman," he

"A highwayman lives by robbery and violence."

Madge stared at him with vacant eyes. "But you are good," she breathed.

And he laughed, and left her firm in that fond belief.

"But, Madge," he said; "what will happen to you when I go away? Have you a home and kin?"

"I shall go with you," she said, smiling.

He gave her a quick, keen glance, and was silent.

"I shall go with you everywhere," she said.

He pursed his lips, and his brow was dark with trouble.

"I have been told," said she, "that there are wonderful places beyond the hills. I should like to see them with you. And it will be so far away, no one can get at you to do you harm."

"No," he said, absently.

"It will be sweet," said she. "Yesterday, as I walked back from the town, I was thinking——"

"You saw no one who knows you, Madge? You are sure?"

"O, yes," she said; "no one knows me in that town. I do not live there."

"No one followed you?"

"I looked to see."

"They asked no questions at the shop where you bought our food? You did not gossip?"

"No. You said I must not talk, and I did not."

"That was right," he said.

She prattled on in her crazy fashion, and he sat listening moodily to the sound of her voice. He had intended leaving her that night; but now, though he held to his intention still, he was sick with self-reproach. Her irresponsibility angered him. He realised with a pang that into his hands was committed the conduct of a life outside his own, and the awful nature of his charge mastered his soul with fear. He was afraid to carry forward the burden of his strange trust; he dared not to lay it down. And she sat smiling at him foolishly, and he sat cursing her and pitying her and fearing her.

The day merged slowly into night. Debarre groomed his horse and loaded his pistols. Now he was again resolved to leave the barn and Crazy Madge that night, yet he could not bring himself to the act. The hours were passing and still he lingered. Madge sat watching him with the face of a happy child.

He went to the door of the barn and looked out. The night-sky frowned upon him, and the wind was hoarse with threatening. He slowly drew his mare after him by the bridle. Madge got up from the floor and walked beside the mare.

"Go back!" he said harshly.

"Where are you going?" she asked. He could not see the timid doubt of him

that shone in her eyes, but he caught the quaver of her voice, and the vague anger that he felt against her swelled and beat in his throat.

"Go back!" he said again.

"Where are you going, Robbie?" she cried, and her voice was quick with fierce alarm. She put her hand upon his sleeve. He shook her off.

"Robbie! Robbie!" she screamed, clinging to him again. "You would not go away and leave me, Robbie?"

He could have cursed her, but his voice was strangled in his throat. He led the mare forward swiftly, and tried to vault into the saddle, but the arms of Madge were round him.

"Robbie! . . . O, my deary! . . . Let me come too, Robbie!"

He shook her off, and swung himself into the saddle. His heavy boot struck her face, but she clung to him still, and he saw a dark stain on her white cheek where his spur had cut the flesh.

"Robbie!"

Her hands clutched desperately at the pommel of his saddle. She had lost her foothold, but she clung to him still. Slowly, as the horse gathered speed, she swung over until her face was turned upward.

"Robbie!"

She tried to reach his hand to clasp it, and in the attempted act she lost her grip and fell. He looked back once, then bent his face close over the horse's neck, and was off at a hard gallop across the loose soil.

The wind roared hoarsely after him.

#### IV.

FOR awhile Madge lay prone. The prying wind ran riot over her, tossing her hair with a boisterous hand, lifting her torn, bedraggled skirts, flouting her and buffeting her. The darkness of the sky was broken up, and a kindly moon shone down. She came to life again in a land of rigid shadow. The country lay about her, stark and wan. She got up painfully, and looked around with dazed senses. Then the knowledge of her loss came home to her, and she shrieked aloud.

"Gone . . . gone!" she wailed, and her voice rang shrill to the ends of the dead world.

She looked in the direction he had taken, and she listened for the sound of his horse's hoofs. There was only empty silence, and it smote her with despair.

doors to stare at her. They rubbed shoulders and pointed and laughed. Some tried to stop her, but she beat them off with fierce words, and they fell back. As she went she repeated to herself her lover's name, "Robbie! Robbie!" and soon it seemed that all



"HE WAS OFF AT A HARD GALLOP"

"Robbie! Robbie!" she cried, and ran weeping up the path of the moon.

All night she walked or ran, and the dawn met her, haggard-eyed, still in quest of her lover. The sun came up and mocked her. Wearily she pressed forward; she passed through a village, and the people came to their cottage-

Nature echoed her voice and was crying after him. About noon she fell fainting for lack of food in the dust of the high road, and when she recovered sense she was in a little, dim-lit cottage, with an old man bending over her. The old man gave her meat and drink and kind words, but he asked questions, too

and Madge was frightened. She feared the old man, and seizing a propitious moment, escaped suddenly through the open door of the cottage and fled away up the road. She looked back once when she had gone a great way, and the old man was standing with his withered hand arched over his eyes staring after her.

On and on between the prim green hedges Madge held her dogged way. Toward evening she came to a little lane of trees, and then, at last, she sat down to rest. "I must think," she said. She passed her hand across her brow, but no thoughts came. The birds were twittering drowsily in the trees and some bells were ringing out her lover's name across the countryside.

"He will hear the bells and come back," she said, and she waited there for him until she fell asleep.

In the morning she was aroused by the singing of birds. Her body ached and her brain throbbed wildly. The country seemed to toss and shiver, under her gaze, like a stormy sea. She had been dreaming, but now her dreams seemed more probable than this reality of numbing pain and sick giddiness. She went slowly down the side of a great hill and entered a small town. The stones of the streets were stained faintly crimson by the early sun. The people stared at her, but she was used to that, and heeded them not. She kept on her way, and was presently out in the open country again.

The hedges were heavy with nuts and berries, and she ate of them as she went along. The pain of her body abated, and her heart gained strength as the day waxed.

"I will find him," sang her thought. "My man Robbie!"

Through the long, dusty hours of the afternoon she held on her way. Hills rose and fell before her; forests opened out and closed; landmarks that were small in the distance grew big and then small again. It was dusk when she entered a great town, the streets of which were filled with heavy shadow. Out of the shadow, grim hungry faces stared at her and jeered. Children plucked at

her gown and ran screaming across her path. The women looked into her eyes with scorn. She wandered into a barren market-place and sat down beside a well. She sat there, whilst the darkness gathered, empty of all sensation save weariness. Many came to the well, drew water, and departed. Still she sat there, listlessly.

An uproar arose and she saw a great crowd descending the hill toward her. Torches flared in the crowd and the smoke of them rolled up across the sky. She started to her feet and stood gazing. The crowd approached swiftly, and before she could run she was in the heart of it. She was rudely pushed and jostled. The noise and confusion stunned her. Over the shoulders of the people she could see the top of a coach and nodding horses' heads.

"What is it?" she asked, clutching a gaunt arm.

"It's Robbie Debarre," someone answered.

"Robbie!" she whispered, and the heart within her leaped for joy.

"Robbie the rumpad! They are bringing him home to gaol."

She fought her way shrieking to the very wheels of the coach, and through the murky glass of the window she caught a glimpse of her lover. He sat in a tangle of shining irons, talking and laughing with two iron-faced men.

"Robbie!" she cried.

The laughter died from his face at the sound of her cry. He half started from his seat, and one of the iron-faces started, too.

"Robbie!" Madge cried again.

Then he saw her. She stretched out her arms to him and fell fainting in the crowd.

## V.

A LONELY old spinster, creeping painfully out of her door to look after the howling crowd, found Madge lying in the roadway. Near by stood some men in idle helplessness.

"Bring her into my cottage," said the old spinster. And Crazy Madge was carried in and laid upon a bed and tended and restored to life. But it was



delirious life that flamed in her eyes and fired her limbs with restless energy. All night she lay tossing in feverish pain, and at the dawn a doctor was summoned. He bled her, prescribed rest, and departed with an air of benediction. Madge lay moaning and raving on the bed. For many days she lay there, pouring out her heart in a shrill torrent of words, and the lonely old spinster sat beside her, watching and listening. It was red autumn when Crazy Madge recovered full consciousness. Life burst upon her once more on a tempestuous, storm-riven night. She awoke and saw the old spinster.

"Better, dearie?"

"Where is he, my man Robbie?" whispered Madge.

"You must not trouble your poor heart."

"Where is he?"

"You shall see him when you are well again."

"ROBBIE! MY MAN ROBBIE!"

"What have those iron-faces done to him?"

"They have not harmed him."

"You would not lie to me?"

The old spinster shook with dread as

she renounced all hope of Heaven, and answered, "No."

"But where is he?"

"He is far away."

"Will he let me go to him?"

"He cannot escape you if you will wait. You must get well, and then I will tell you how to find him."

"I cannot wait," said Madge, as her eyes roved round the room. She struggled to rise, but the effort exhausted her, and she fell back gasping.

"Why, dear, you must have patience," said the old spinster.

"It is so hard to wait," sobbed Madge.

But she waited ten days. The old spinster told her that she must eat to get well, and Madge ate ravenously, though all food was abhorrent to her. Whenever the old spinster was not looking, Madge tested her slowly returning strength. At the end of a week she could walk across the room, and then it only remained for her to make her escape. She knew that the old spinster wanted to hinder her from joining Robbie, and for that she hated the old spinster.

One night, very late, the old spinster had gone out to cut a turnip for their supper. Whilst she was gone Madge ran out of the cottage, laughing in triumph, and betook herself up the road toward the twinkling town. A man lurched past her in the gloom and Madge accosted him.

"Have you seen Robbie?" she asked.

He leered at her. "Robbie? D'ye mean Robbie Debarre? He as stole from the rich to give to the poor, Heaven bless his soul!"

"Where is he?" cried Madge. "He is my man."

The fellow laughed aloud and gripped her shoulder. "See yon hill?" he cried, pointing toward a creeping eminence.

"It has a white cross upon it."

"It is no white cross, but two roads meeting. Where they meet you will find your man. But hasten! for there are other birds who love him now."

She needed no speeding on her way. She ran onward, crying out her lover's name. But the hill seemed to recede from her, and her strength began to fail. She wept despairingly and wrung her hands, standing there in the lonely country with only the cold stars above her and the darkness around. O, it was a bitter night, and cruel was the tongue of the wind across the world! She said "Robbie!" quietly, as if his name made a prayer, and pushed on once more.

She came to the foot of the hill and began to mount it slowly. The moon was shining on the mist in the valley below, and the myriad yellow eyes of the sleeping town twinkled up at her. She came to the top of the hill where the two roads met, and she called aloud to her lover.

"Robbie! my man Robbie!"

Something creaked above her head, and she turned and saw a hideous black thing outlined darkly against the deep sky. A dangling horror swung between earth and heaven, twisting in the wind. It had for her an attraction of repulsion. She moved toward it slowly. It leaped and lunged at her. She saw now that it bore resemblance to a human form. Closer she crept.

Suddenly her voice rang out to the watching stars. She fell at the foot of the gibbet and lay there motionless.

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BEFORE that blessed Baby came,  
Master Gentleman was his name.  
Of course we planned his future life,  
His school, his business, and his wife  
(And how he'd learn to cut and drive).  
But when the atom did arrive—  
A Baby fit for Queens to kiss—  
*Master Gentleman was a Miss!*

G. E. M.

# *A School of Physical Culture*

WRITTEN BY GEORGE BELLINGHAM. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS

BODILY perfection has been the desire and admiration of all the ages. Greek poets sang the glories of athletes, and the Romans crowned them with laurels. In mediæval times a squire had to prove his prowess either upon the battlefield or in the tilting ring before he was awarded the spurs and dignity of knighthood, and even now that sheer strength is no longer a sufficient means wherewith to gain a livelihood as it was when contending nations paid highly for the services of broad-swords man or archer, a physically perfect man, with well-trained muscles and clean-set limbs, has a distinct place of honour amongst his fellows. That the training of the muscles of the body has a beneficial effect upon health has always been recognised, and so long ago as the sixteenth century, Hieronimus Mercurialis, in a book written upon the subject and dedicated to the Emperor Maximilian, dilated upon the value of exercise as essential to the well-being of the body.

National sports certainly come within the meaning of physical culture, and in

countries where they are as numerous and as enthusiastically followed as in England the general standard of physical strength is high. But no game will give the body general perfection of form and power, and these can only be obtained by systematic exercise. Systematic exercise, however, will not bring about the desired result unless it is of the proper kind, and much more harm than good may be done by untutored attempts to develop muscle, especially by the use of heavy dumb-bells.

There is no better authority on the subject of physical training than Mr. Sandow, who has gained his enormous powers by the simplest forms of exercise and by methods entirely his own. He advocates the use of the lightest dumb-bells, and at his



ENTRANCE FROM ST. JAMES'S STREET

newly-established School of Physical Culture in St. James's Street, that was once famous as the School of Angelo, the fencing master, the average weight of those mostly used is not more than two pounds. It is scarcely possible to believe that the human body is capable of great muscular development unless it



RECEPTION ROOM

comes a springiness and lightness to the gait which speaks of strength and health.

The whole course of tuition takes place in a long and narrow underground room brilliantly lighted by electricity, its walls glittering with row upon row of steel dumb-bells, silver-plated. A band of instructors, whose fine

is already possessed of natural strength until one has seen the result of a month's regular tuition under the Sandow system. Stooping shoulders become straight, flabby muscles grow hard upon the arms and legs and prominent upon the chest, the frame becomes closely-knit, and there



RECEPTION ROOM



SANDOW'S CONSULTING ROOM

chests and massive arms are the result of Mr. Sandow's training, are busily engaged all day long in teaching a large number of pupils the various forms taken by this system—a system which has been adopted in the gymnasiums of the Army. At first the pupil is taught the proper use of the dumb-bells, to raise the weights in such a manner that each particular muscle of the arm is brought into play, the body meanwhile being held



DRESSING ROOM

perfectly erect. Every movement is gone through so many times, the instructor counting and giving directions, but before fatigue can set in the form of exercise is changed. A strip of red carpet is unrolled upon the parquet floor, and lying flat upon his back the pupil has to rise to a sitting posture and touch his toes with the tips of his fingers without bending his body. This does not seem a difficult feat until it is tried; but it is by no means easy of proper accomplishment until the muscles have become supple. This exercise strengthens the back, the number of times being gradually increased until the pupil can touch his toes twenty times without effort.

The next exercise develops and strengthens the muscles of the stomach. Here the pupil also stretches out his whole length upon the floor, face downwards, resting the weight of his body entirely upon his outstretched hands and

the tips of his toes. Then he has to raise himself by straightening out his arms to their fullest extent, his body meanwhile being kept straight and stiff, and lower himself until his chin touches the floor, the elbows outwards. Head and body must be kept in one line, the effort of raising and lowering being solely accomplished by the hands and arms. For a beginner this exercise presents even more difficulties than its predecessor, but it is marvellous with what rapidity the necessary

strength to support the dead weight of the body upon the hands is gained. Having gone through these exercises the required number of times, the pupil is next taken to one of the exercisers that are fixed at intervals all round the walls, and which are widely known as the Sandow-Whiteley exerciser. Consisting of two stout pieces of elastic fixed to the woodwork with two hooks, these exercisers bring every muscle of the body



GYMNASIUM



ROMAN PILLAR

into play. Attached to each end of the elastic are handles, one of which the pupil holds in either hand. Standing some little distance away, he goes through a variety of exercises, the strain upon the elastic giving the necessary weight for the raising of the muscles. First he faces the wall, extending the arms, kept as rigid as possible, backwards and forwards,

afterwards repeating the same motions with his back to the exerciser. The

forms are numerous, but every one is calculated to develop some particular part of the body; and one of the surest means of strengthening the legs is to stand at a given distance, and holding the two handles of the exerciser in one hand, draw both cords down without bending the arm until the handles are on a level with the thigh. The resistance of the body to the elastic is much greater than might be expected from a cursory examination of this clever invention, and a pupil is well advanced before he can accomplish this last movement to his instructor's satisfaction.

Such is the general course of tuition gone through by pupils of average strength. The course lasts as long as may be desired, but many become so enthusiastic as they find their physical strength increasing that they undertake forms of exercise that lead to a development of muscle belonging to the extraordinary. For such as these there are the Roman Pillar and a massive weight-lifting machine at one end of the school. The Roman Pillar is a tall column of iron with chains attached on either side, from which hang two padded circlets of leather. Mounting the pillar the pupil fits these circlets of leather close to his knees, and his feet resting beneath



TESTING POWERS OF WEIGHT LIFTING

a cross-piece, he lowers himself backwards until he hangs head downwards. Keeping his legs stiff, and his feet firmly braced beneath the cross-piece, he must now raise himself up solely by the action of his muscles, the body straight. This feat requires more than an average amount of strength, and after being practised for some little time results in an increased development of the muscles of the stomach, chest and back. When he can rise perfectly stiffly, without any side-movements or grasping at the chains that support his legs, a heavy bar dumb-bell is placed in his hands as he hangs head downwards, and by dint of much practice he is taught to rise with this added weight as easily as without. Naturally, the dumb-bell is light in the first instance, but its poundage is gradually increased.

The weight-lifting apparatus consists of a strong frame, from the top of which projects a cross handle. Beneath the frame are a pile of heavy metal discs with a movable bar running between them. The pupil stands upon the top of the frame, the number of discs that he raises by means of the handle, which he grasps in both hands, being arranged by the bar. In this case, too, as in all the exercises in the school, it is a question of hastening slowly; each disc weighs so many pounds, and beginning with only one or two, he gradually proceeds until he can lift as many as his greatest strength will permit, the exercise being closely supervised and most accurately arranged.

Standing in the centre of the room is an instrument consisting of two iron supports formed by an iron bar adapted for the development of those in whom particular muscles may be very poorly developed, or in need of strengthening for the ordinary course of exercise.

Seated upon a low stool a pupil with thin calves has each leg attached to one of the supports by a circlet supplied with thin, but strong, elastic cords. Holding the topmost bar with both hands, he opens his legs, and moving them sideways, brings them together again, the elastic—as is the case of the Sandow-Whiteley exerciser—providing the necessary resistance. This motion speedily brings the calves into evidence, and should the muscles of the neck be



EXERCISE FOR THE MUSCLES OF THE NECK

weak, a cap, fitted with similar elastic cords, that are fixed to the top bar, is placed upon his head, which he moves steadily up and down, stretching the elastic to its fullest extent. In this position a pupil certainly looks as if he were in a torture chamber, but the result soon makes itself apparent in the firm poise of the head upon the neck.

This school is the first attempt that has been made in England to develop the muscles of the body equally. A course of ordinary gymnastics practically means violent exercise, and whilst the

upper part of the body is strengthened by the use of dumb-bells and horizontal and parallel bars, the lower part, as a rule, is left to take care of itself. In the Sandow system, however, every motion has a direct bearing upon some particular muscle and again upon the body as a whole, for whilst individual muscles are in movement the exercises are so arranged that others are relaxed and left without strain. Starting with a complete

advocate of cold water as an aid to physical culture, winter and summer alike, and every pupil takes a cold plunge immediately his lesson is over. Over-exertion and violent exercise of any kind are expressly forbidden under the Sandow system, and the result of steadily working at the various movements is clearly apparent in the numerous pupils who occupy the instructors' attention. The system having been adopted by the

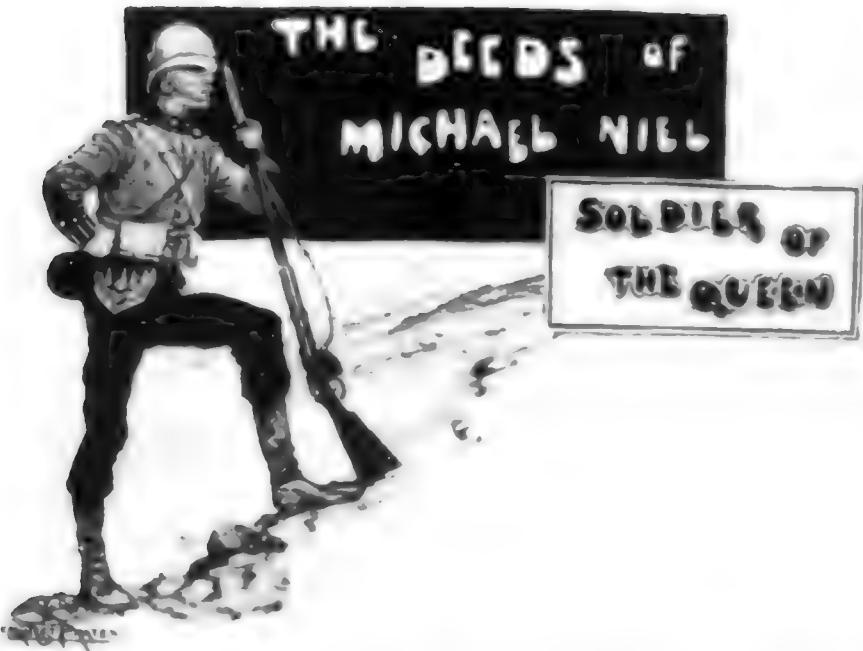


BEING PHOTOGRAPHED AFTER COURSE OF TRAINING

anatomical knowledge of the human frame the inventor of this system employs methods to the efficacy of which his own superb proportions are witness, and instead of the usual haphazard tuition, which aims for the production of muscle rather than general strength, his teaching is purely scientific.

When a pupil enters upon his course of training he is photographed nude in a specially arranged studio at the top of the house, carefully measured, his lung capacity tried by a patent and infallible method, and his rate of progress shown by measurements taken after every lesson and carefully recorded. Sandow is an

Army authorities, it is hoped that the Public Schools will follow suit; but at any rate it is Sandow's intention to establish other schools in London and the big provincial towns. This system, if taught generally to children of both sexes, would have a marvellous effect upon the physique of the nation; and if Mr. Sandow's present idea of a method of tuition throughout the country actually takes shape, the effect, as in the Army, will be as immediate as it will be lasting. Nothing could possibly be more simple than these forms of exercise, and nothing more beneficial both to figure and stamina.



WRITTEN BY F. NORREYS CONNELL. ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST PRATER

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#### *IV.—THE FLIGHT FROM KHANDARA*

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WHEN the last traces of disaffection had been stamped out in the Khokurie Valley, we of the Border Light Infantry were withdrawn from Fort Dufferin and our place taken by a Gurkha corps. They kept us at Quetta until the clouds had cleared altogether from the mountains, when we got the route for Mooltan; and there a ghostly Michael Niel, for the first time in six months, called his number on parade. Hardly had he recovered when my health broke down, and the doctor ordered rest at Simla. To Simla I went—Michael, of course, with me—and the first person I met there was Mrs. Tinspire.

I had known her only as the daughter of old Colonel Talbot, who was invalided from John Company service before the Mutiny; but the turn-out of her jin-rickshaw, which passed my hotel as I was coming out, proclaimed it the property of a well-to-do civilian; and when, seeing me, she pulled up her red-breasted porters, called me to her and told me she was married, if I did not congratulate her, I expressed no surprise.

Of Tinspire I had heard before as the luckiest man in the Indian service, and I believed in his luck as, walking by the rickshaw, I glanced ever and again at its entirely pleasant contents.

Tinspire, to whom she had been scarce six months married, had come to Simla in quest of the residentship of Khandara, the capital of the Rhatameh hill-state. He had friends at Court, money in his pocket sufficient for entertainment on a not too modest scale, and a blameless if not very brilliant record. Above all he had his luck and Mrs. Tinspire, at the moment the most attractive woman in Simla. And out of Simla one never sees more than one at a time.

I gathered all this from her chatter, her charming bewildering chatter which threatened to turn my head, perhaps not for the first time. She made me promise to call on her, or rather should I say she made me beg to be allowed to make the acquaintance of her husband. At all events she left me eager to see her next day and imbued with a vague notion that she might be glad to see me.

When I wrote to Earle, who had the first letter I ever dated from Simla, her

name cropped up more than once. It appeared frequently in my correspondence about this period. I also wrote her Christian name "Chlotilde" on my blotting-paper, but this I was careful to destroy.

When I called Tinspire was there, a rather handsome man of five-and-thirty, whose mouth was firm in repose but opened weakly; she was very intimate with me in his presence, but on his being called away by a visitor with "G.C.S.I." on his countenance she grew formal and appeared almost to resent the tone of familiarity which her first manner had induced me to take. Nevertheless she condescended to make believe that she knew all about the business at Fort Dufferin, which she apparently thought to be in Burmah, and declared herself panting with desire to see Michael Niel.

"How delightful! A real, true Highlander!" she exclaimed.

"No," said I, "a Cork man."

She gave a little offended cry. "Surely the name is Scottish; but it doesn't matter. Do let me see him all the same."

I promised, and I kept my promise. Among the white oaks of Elysium we came upon Michael walking alone, as was his custom, his head bent slightly more forward than a drill sergeant would approve, but carrying himself otherwise with the air of a man whose fathers had long borne arms.

I signalled him to approach, and straightening himself up he stood to attention as I said to her, "This is Michael Niel."

"Indeed!" she exclaimed blankly, where I had expected a pretty speech. She seemed to be disconcerted by the severity of Michael's look, which may have been more intense than the regulation "Eyes front" demanded. Seeing she was embarrassed, I dismissed the man, but could not pick up the threads of our conversation again. At length she said with the suspicion of a pout: "You might tell your servant that, although he is a hero, he need not be rude to women."

She spoke without undue emphasis, yet I was afraid to pass the matter off

as a joke, suspecting the words of conveying a snub to myself. I said nothing then, bringing her home in all but silence, and received at parting a reprimand which was typical of her manner towards me.

"I'm sorry you found me so dull," said she.

"Dull!" I answered. "It was I who was dull."

"Well, perhaps you were," she admitted with stinging readiness. "But it was my fault. . . . I should have remembered the proverb."

"What proverb?" I asked, paddling to find my depth.

"About loving people's dogs."

She waited for the pressure of my hand, but went without returning it. Yes, I had been disappointed by her lack of sympathy with Michael, but that feeling was gone, as with one more glance where her rustling body had vanished I turned my pony's head sodderwards.

Trotting home, my thoughts were sweet, then bitter-sweet. They became almost entirely bitter when, slipping my heel over my nag's breech to dismount, a Chuprassie handed me a telegram. It was from Earle, and he only said "No weather-cocking," but the meaning was obvious, and I was angry with him and myself and Tinspire—with everyone but Chlotilde; and her name, turning to make sure that I had destroyed it, I wrote a second time upon my blotting-paper.

That evening I was to dine with an ancient acquaintance of my father's, a Bengal civilian, who, although long since retired from work, loved India too well to leave it, and had elected to end his days under the shadow of the hills.

I had not worn evening mufti since leaving England, and long rusting in a tin-lined case had not improved the appearance of my garments. Michael was still working at the creases when I went to dress.

I told him he had performed miracles, but he did not brighten at my praise as he was wont to do.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked, for I always took more notice of



*IN THE STATE*

"THIS IS MICHAEL NIEL."

him than I had extended to Hopkins, my first servant.

"Not quite myself, sir, to-night, thank you, sir," he answered, looking up at me and immediately down again.

With much difficulty and some circumlocution, I elicited the information that Mrs. Tinspire had recalled to his memory the face of a woman who had played more than a little part in his life.

Whether this was his dead sister or not I had not the hardihood to inquire, but somehow received the impression that it was.

Mr. Nicholson, my father's former friend, gave me genial and even exciting entertainment. An old bachelor from skull-cap to slippers, he was astonishingly informed of all that had happened openly and secretly in India from the

first Afghan war to the last. He told me the name of the dragoon officer who called "Threes-about" at Chillianwallah, and a moment later, why our General in the last campaign was denied a peerage. One sentence was about Skinner of Skinner's, the next about Earl of Ours. He was particularly strong on the Mutiny, seeming to have intimate personal knowledge of the many giants of those days: Edwardes, Campbells, the Lawrences, Havelock, Napier, Outram, Nicholson—at the mention of his namesake, and it was frequent, he made mental genuflection—Toombs, Hodson, Rose, Franks, Grant, not forgetting the weaker vessels, Wilson, Walpole, Wheeler, and such others.

He was cynical about the women. I was inclined to pose as a misogynist, but he treated my ideas as those of a romantic youth.

"It's my private belief," he said, in the old man's mood of comfortable distrust in the future, "it's my private belief, and I've been here long enough to be able to judge, that the Englishwoman will be the ruin of India—the Englishwoman and the competition wallah."

I replied a little hastily that I ventured to hope that so far India had not suffered through me, although I was a competition wallah.

"Well," he returned, quite sharply, "it's nothing to be proud of if you are. As to your doing harm, wait till you're married or entangled with one of these man-eating ladies God sends to India. Bless my soul, you don't suppose that you can undo the work of Clive, and Hastings, and the Wellesleys and the Lawrences, and Nicholson, all in an hour? But if you don't heed me when I speak in general terms, perhaps you will believe me when I declare that I, if it were becoming to say all I know, could give you nineteen of the twenty cases where the feline propensities of women, English born and bred, have cost the Indian Exchequer thousands of money and the Indian Army hundreds of lives. Why, there was Lady Danegeld, at Meerut. You must have heard of her—if you have not, I shan't tell you. But this I will say, that if I know

anything of women, such another as Lady Danegeld is to-night sleeping in Simla. And she too is the wife of a competition wallah. Hussies and competition wallahs will be the ruin of India, I say again. I've been alive in my time, and I grant that hussies there must be; I still exist in an age called progressive, because it bustles, and I am compelled to admit that competition wallahs there must be. But this I say: Don't let the two be together. They breed folly if they don't go much further. Chain your competition wallah to his work, and put a stupid idiot who's a man to watch him and keep off the mosquitoes. You say you're a competition wallah, and I'm sure you're a very fine young fellow in your way, but you needn't tell me you're as good a man as that Percy Lowe, your father's first cousin, that blew himself, his wife and child, with the Rajirut magazine, into the air, rather than surrender his powder and shot to the Pandies."

I thought of Mrs. Tinspire, and I said that had I been in my cousin's place I hoped and believed I should have done the same. Mr. Nicholson looked at me very keenly.

"You might, my friend; but not from duty, only from passion—and you know it. This is the age of passion. Why, this very moment the Sepoy band is playing Wagner outside the mess-house!"

For all his kindness, Mr. Nicholson had a depressing influence on my state of mind. For some days I kept to myself, riding alone in the very early morning and devoting the greater part of the day to the study of my profession, leavened by the perusal of general literature.

Earle had recommended me to pick up some knowledge of mountain artillery, and sent me to call on his young brother, who was subaltern of the mule battery. But he talked of nothing but Mrs. Tinspire, and read me a lopsided sonnet apostrophising her as "Tigress haired with autumn gold," which I thought an inadequate description. He also confided to me that meeting her on Jakko twice the same day she had bowed both times. I suggested that the first

encounter might have slipped her mind, but he rejected this view as lacking probability.

When writing Earle I hinted casually that his bolt about "weather cocking" might have been shot nearer home; whereupon Earle, as he afterwards told me, addressed a remonstrance to his brother. But it came too late; for as the youngster was making eyes at Mrs. Tinspire during business on Prospect Hill he collided with the gun mule, which lost its balance, and rolled with him and his pony head over heels into eternity.

Mrs. Tinspire was greatly upset, and spoke of the catastrophe for a week. Her husband also was impressed by it. Thumping a polo ball about the gymkhana ground I nearly ran him down, and he told me he considered ponies to be treacherous, unmanageable brutes. Then he wandered on into references to the accident.

"The worst of my wife," he concluded, "is that she's too pretty."

I had a mind to say that was the best of her, but I listened further.

"You see," said he, "everyone's in love with her. Young Earle would have given the eyes out of his head for a squeeze of her hand. Fact, I assure you; told me so herself."

I wondered what he would say next, but preserved a respectful silence.

"It isn't her fault she's pretty," then he broke off suddenly. "Why don't you young fellows all marry and have wives of your own? Young Earle would have been alive now if he'd had a wife."

I was less confident of this than he, although I refrained from saying so.

"Come and drink tea, anyhow," he proposed, and as it was in keeping with my good intentions to be friendly with him, I consented.

To soothe his nerves I dismounted and walked up the hill beside him. This pleased him, and he discussed with some animation his chances of getting the Khandara billet, convincing me that he would have been the very man for the post if the Ruler of Rhatameh had been the director of a Cingalese tea company instead of the chieftain of a military

family and archpriest of a fighting religion.

Mrs. Tinspire already had one visitor, Bankes-Wingham of the Gurkhas, and took little notice of me. I was left to the civilian, who became more and more cordial. As I took my leave he whispered, "If I get Khandara you'll come shoot, won't you? I have promised Caloe to gun a little."

Stung by the woman's coolness I said I would. Next day in the Club I heard the words "Awful job," the formula with which most appointments are hailed in Simla, and knew that Tinspire, his wife and his luck had triumphed over all difficulties.

The Tinspires departed in state on their mission to the North, he reminding me of my promised visit, she full of the glory of scarlet lackies and guards of honour, with just a trace of regret for her leavings in Simla.

I went back to my regiment with half an eye on the Indian Staff Corps, which eye Earle compelled me to turn in another direction by dint of the least complimentary language I had ever addressed to me.

Some weary months of regimental work came and went, until on the eve of my next leave there arrived a missive from Tinspire saying that Khandara was a glorious place and asking when he might expect me. There was a postscript in his wife's hand, "Do come," and in Tinspire's again, "Come soon."

"Very flattering indeed," said Earle. "Pity you cannot oblige them."

"I intend to go."

"To the deuce your own way," snapped Earle, and avoided saying good-bye.

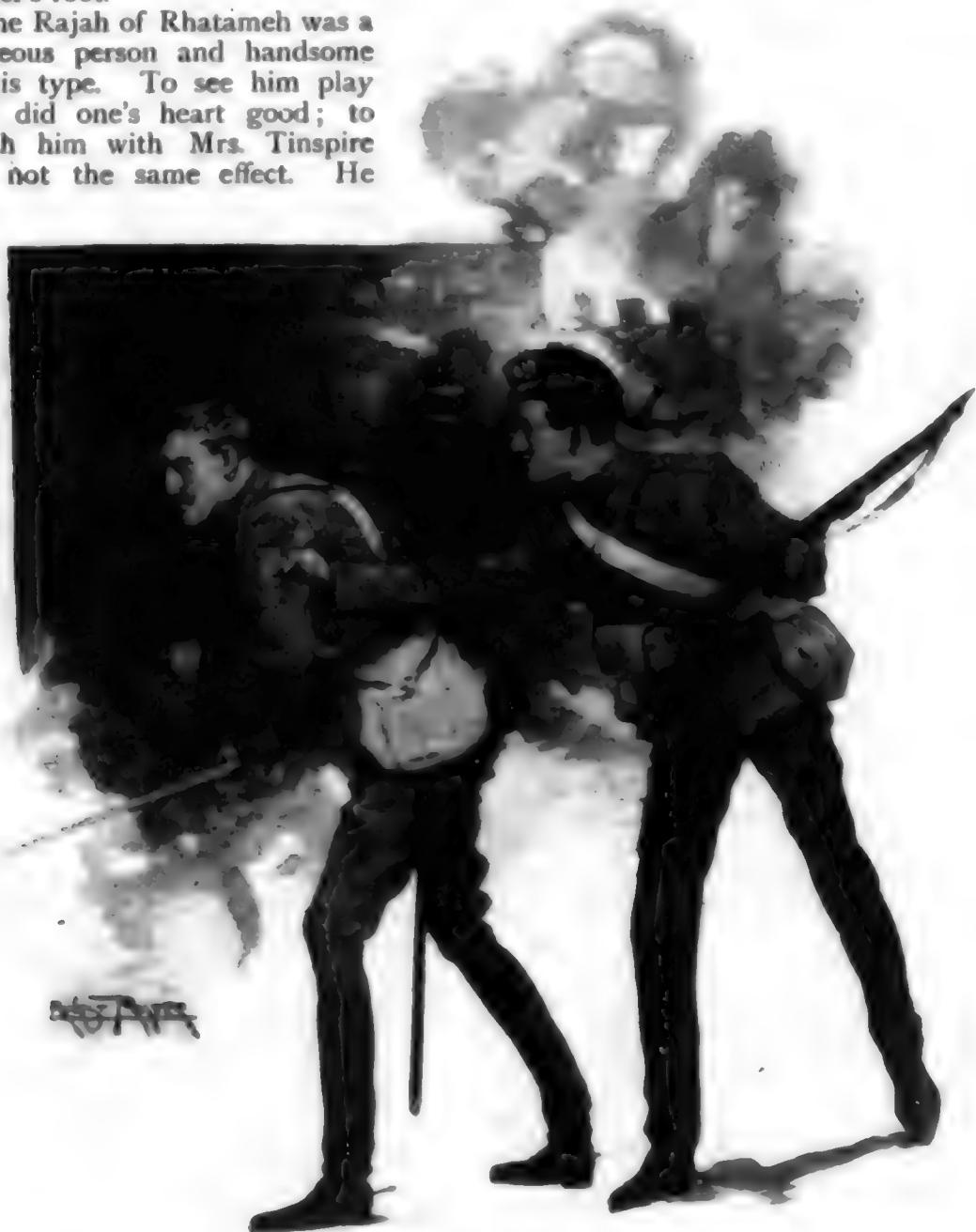
Michael neither liked the expedition, but a hint from me that I was willing to leave him behind changed his demeanour, and he worked with energy at the preparations for departure. It was a journey of many days from Mooltan to Khandara, and proved so costly that I half regretted the adventure ere well started. Quirke, Captain of the Punjaubees furnishing the Residency guard, who had been at Winchester in my time, rode twenty miles up the mountains to meet me.

"How goes it?" I asked.

"Not extra special. Fact is, Tinspire won't play polo, and the Rajah doesn't like it." And flippant as was this statement it nearly approached the matter's root.

The Rajah of Rhatameh was a gorgeous person and handsome of his type. To see him play polo did one's heart good; to watch him with Mrs. Tinspire had not the same effect. He

she was more circumspect here in Khan-dara than she had been at Simla, doubtless surmising that the Rajah's methods of flirtation might not be purely European.



"'LIE DOWN, SIR, OR YOU'RE KILLED'"

treated Tinspire with open patronage, for if the former pro-consuls had been lacking in Oriental subtlety they had at least the English virtue of manliness, and in this Tinspire was poor.

Mrs. Tinspire played Quirke against the Rajah, but very guardedly. Indeed,

for the present the Rhatameyan potentate tolerated Tinspire, and sought his advice about modern schemes of finance. He was anxious to float a loan for the ostensible purpose of improved irrigation. I imagine that had he obtained the money it would have gone on ponies,

jewels and decadent statuary. Tinspire told me he found the Rajah a very pleasant fellow, and was only flattered by the attention paid his wife. "Pity Rhatameh's a black," said he, as if he would have preferred a German prince.

Quirke again, though quite alive to the shortcomings of his civil head, found no fault with the lady. "Why have you and I no luck?" he would protest. "After all, Tinspire's not very fetching." I might have consoled Quirke by preaching him Mr. Nicholson's doctrine, but I only said "Just so." Michael's manner became very disquieting, and I was sorry I had brought him. Mrs. Tinspire would go miles out of her way to avoid meeting him, and when he and the Rajah chanced an encounter, they stared at each other like two savage animals, or rather as primitive humans who bore ancient hate. I have not the smallest doubt that Rhatameh would have handed Michael over to his velvet-clad Afghan executioner with all the pleasure in life, and that Michael would have liked to break the Rajah's head was an admitted fact.

Mrs. Tinspire was a perfect hostess; with me she was a charming mixture of the old friend, the young married woman, and the representative of England's social dignity. Had the pale sheen of her hair not kept Earle's sonnet in my mind, she might have bound me fast, without a word of direct encouragement; and, indeed, that she never gave me.

So the time passed till my holiday was almost at an end, and I might have escaped from that dismal episode which not only cost the lives of so many men, but nearly ruined my career, had it not been for my idle interference in other people's business.

Conterminously with the borders of Rhatameh lay another very tiny State, by name Tidah, for the good government of which Tinspire was to some extent responsible. The ruler of this speck of earth, probably counting on Tinspire's already notorious pusillanimity, had lately found occasion to misbehave himself, and turned a deaf ear to the British representative's complaints. Tinspire was, as usual, for pooh-poohing the

affair, a thing not very difficult to do at that distance from the centre of government, but Quirke, soldier-like, was eager to be up and doing. I incautiously backed Quirke's opinion when he proposed to go with the Resident and half the Gurkhas to put things straight; and Tinspire, who had a fatuous respect for my advice, gave way.

A little expedition was arranged, to consist of Tinspire, Quirke, and forty Gurkhas, with transport coolies and sufficient rations for three days. I was left in charge of the Residency; the only European there save Mrs. Tinspire, Michael, and Bankes-Wingham, who, having like myself come up to shoot, had twisted his ankle so badly that he could not stand up without support. He was half furious at being unable to accompany the force, and entirely delighted at the prospect of a long *tete-a-tete* with Mrs. Tinspire.

He was justified, perhaps, in ignoring me, but not in forgetting the Rajah. Tinspire's army could not have covered their first league when Rhatameh appeared in his most splendid attire. I was so used to his presence in the house that Bankes-Wingham took me aback when hopping after me on his stick he cried, "You supposed to be in charge of the Residency, and you let that fellow come here and leave him alone with Mrs. Tinspire?"

I replied mildly that it seemed to please all parties but Bankes-Wingham, and, moreover, that as my junior in rank I could not allow him to take that tone with me. He was about to say something probably unpleasant when Michael doubled up to me, carrying three swords under his arm.

"Quick, sir! quick! the Rajah's taking Mrs. Tinspire away."

The jealous feeling which I had so long combated leaped to my head, and snatching a sword from Michael I danced through the passages to the drawing-room. There was no one there; but outside I saw the Rajah and his jemadar trying to force the woman on his pony. I leaped through the window at them, and as Michael, who was already on the spot, knocked down the jemadar, I tore

the woman from the Rajah. As she fell in my arms she whimpered, "I'm frightened! I'm frightened!" the first time I had known her moved.

The Rajah in unbridled passion swung at her and me alike with his scimitar, but Michael guarded the blow. With a furious cry Rhatameh vaulted on his pony and gave spur. As the animal bounded forward round the corner of the house, right in the path hobbled Bankes-Wingham. With a cry of delighted rage the Indian turned in his saddle and clefthim through the skull. Overturning the sentry in the stride of his steed, he raced out of sight. I turned out the guard, had the dead officer removed, and put every available man under arms. Two native messengers I dispatched after Tinspire to bring him back, and I attempted to wire down to Nepaul for troops, but found the communication already cut, so here again I sent messengers.

Mrs. Tinspire's spirits revived and sank at short intervals, but she did not behave badly. That the Rajah's brutality had frightened her was beyond denial, and yet knowing the part of heroine was one to become her, she tried to play it. Bankes-Wingham's death, as she did not see the body, hardly impressed her.

What defence was possible I prepared, closing all shutters and barring all doors. The day passed quietly, but we remained on our guard all night, as at intervals we heard the beating of the Rajah's war drum. About eight o'clock in the morning Michael roused me from a state of coma by saying that there were troops approaching. Hoping that it might be Quirke and his men, fearful it should prove the enemy, I made the troops stand to their arms. The approaching body turned out to be a not very formidable party of the Rajah's men, led by his youngest brother, who carried a flag of truce, a letter for me, and a fat, square parcel, apparently a large biscuit-box, wrapped in canvas and very heavy.

The Rajah's letter was short: "Leaving the woman, I give you safe conduct. Go, and go quickly. The thing I send

you is for her. If she wills it she can have many such."

I opened the box and found in it Tinspire's freshly-severed head.

I said no word, good or bad, but pointed to the flag which fluttered high above the Residency roof, and ordered the grinning envoy to be gone.

He could scarcely have borne back intelligence of what had passed, when a seven-pound shell from the Rajah's palace carried away the Union Jack and ushered in the worst hours of my life. We were not ill provisioned, and although so weak in numbers I could have asked no better luck than to command the wicked little Gurkhas, whose eyes gleamed when they scented battle. I gnash my teeth now when I think of that, the lost opportunity of my life

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Seeking Mrs. Tinspire full of the lust of command—— I cannot write down here what passed between us. She had heard of the thing in the biscuit-box, and was sunk in the depths of terror. "Let us go," she said, and kissed from me my consent. I hoped my men would not obey the order, but they did. I swear I should not have obeyed such a being as I was then.

The retreat began, the flight, the scamper. Michael went on his knees to me, and I struck him. We ran away, she and I, with the Gurkhas at our heels jeering and cursing us, and Rhatameh's irregulars picking us off as we fled. In my arm I got a bullet, which I could have thanked for entering my head!

For twenty hours we held on almost without pause, and I felt not cold nor hunger, knowing only she was with me. At last, about dawn of the next day, nature flung us all to the earth, and lying where we fell, we slept.

Above the hideous, awful dreams, I felt the motion of being carried, but slept on and on until the roll of musketry wakened me from my slumbers. I could see little, for it was night-time, but all around me there was the crackle of rapid rifle fire.

Raising myself from the rude stretcher on which I lay, I put out my hand and found that my loaded revolver was

fastened round my left wrist, and that my naked sword lay near at hand.

My eye began to comprehend the dim outline of my surroundings, and I concluded that I was within the walls of some serai, and that the fighting

said Michael Niel. He himself was standing.

The braggart in me helped me now, and I answered no, telling him that he must lie down, not I. I could hardly make myself heard above the yell of the fire.

"I can't lie down, sir. The Sepoys are shaky as it is," he answered.



"STAMPED HIS HEEL ON HIS NECK AND SNAPPED IT"

was going on outside. Groping my way to where a gleam of moonlight pierced the darkness I found myself in the open, and in the midst of a perfect hail of bullets which spluttered and spat on all sides.

A strong arm seized me.

"Lie down, sir, or you're killed!"

"Lie down!" I shouted. "I am the one who must stand."

"Yes, sir," answered Michael with as much meaning as respect, and down he plumped.

He told me the position as far as he could make it out, how many men there were left to us, and the seeming strength

of the adverse party. The fire on this face of the serai was almost all too high to be searching, and only at long intervals came the groan of a stricken Gurkha. On the other hand, we knew nothing of the effect our fire was obtaining on the enemy, nothing except that we were not losing ground.

But suddenly the thing took an ugly turn. With its crisp, already familiar bark the Rajah's seven-pounder launched a shell which tore through half a dozen of the men on our side of the square and shrieked itself out in the darkness to explode some hundreds of yards in our rear.

This performance, repeated a second time, called from Michael the remark that it would not do, and I agreed with him.

Seized at once with the same idea, Michael and I cleared the serai wall and, dropping to earth, crawled as flatly as we could towards the quick-firing gun.

It sounds a braver action than it really was, for the enemy, utterly unsuspecting this form of attack, scattered panic-stricken when Michael and I leaped to our feet almost from under the wheels of the piece.

Only one man stood his ground, and him Michael closed with. The two struggled furiously, until Niel, flinging his enemy from him, stamped his heel on his neck and snapped it. The man's dying scream betrayed him as the Rajah himself.

Their cannon captured and their leader slain, the Rhatameyans did not stand up to us much longer. We be-

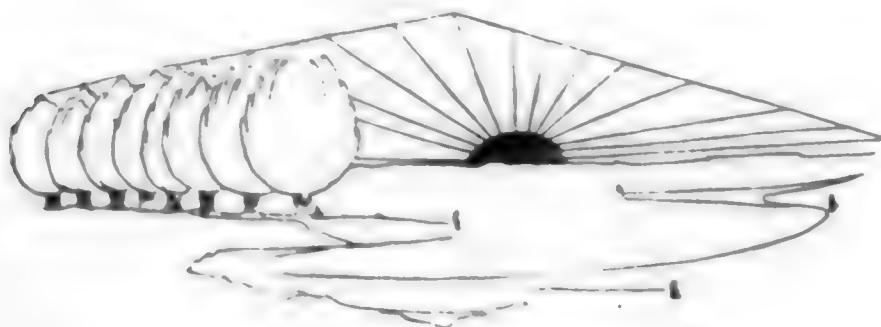
came the pursuers, they the pursued. Here and there they turned to make a stand, but each delay ended in sheer butchery, for the Gurkhas had heard of the fate of Quirke's force, which, checked by the men of Tidah, had been taken in rear and destroyed by the Rajah's followers, of whose hostility they had no suspicion. And a bloody chase the Gurkhas made of it as we hurried back in triumph to Khandara.

Not till I saw her banjo and fallals strewn about the pillaged Residency did I think of Mrs. Tinspire. She seemed so far from me now that I hardly cared when Michael told me she was safe. While we slept he had packed us both on improvised stretchers: her he had sent down homewards with the swiftest bearers, whilst me he had carried back towards the enemy, rallying the demoralised, but still battleful, Gurkhas as he went.

We held Khandara till relief came, and the troops coming up had little to do but chase stragglers and bury the dead. So the papers praised me for what I had done, and society lionised Mrs. Tinspire. But the Gurkha Sub-hadar told the truth; and there is not a man who ever saw India, if only from the bridge of a hired transport, but knows that I am not as good a man as the other Percy Lowe.

I found myself in Simla before the close of the year, and, much as I dreaded it, called on Mr. Nicholson.

I thought to be plunged in a sea of sarcasm, but he only said, when referring to the subject, "Lucky Michael Niel was no competition wallah."



# *A Discourse on Daffodils*

WRITTEN BY E. SIXELA. ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

**F**LOWERS, like other things, are largely dominated by fashion. Species which ten years ago were all the vogue, are to-day neglected, while every season sees new varieties which have their day and are forgotten. There are, however, some flowers which are always with us. What would life be without the rose, the lily, or the carnation? Such blooms as these are a veritable necessity, and while their annual presence is from time to time varied by fresh products of the gardener's skill, the parent stock remains as popular as of yore.

And there are flowers which have an even greater hold on one's admiration than the rose, the lily, or the carnation. This is the case with those blooms which come in at periods of the year when colour is scarce and flowers at a premium. Under this definition we may class the chrysanthemum, the violet, the Christmas rose and wallflower, and with, though far above, all these stands the narcissus or daffodil.

It would seem an absurdity to speak of a time when these flowers were not, but in the strict sense of the word the narcissi of to-day were unknown thirty years ago, and it is only, thanks to the persistence of an expert, that after being introduced they have gradually been

developed and aided in winning their way into public esteem.

Botanically speaking the daffodil is an indigenous plant. Known as the *pseudo narcissus*, it flourishes in shady woodlands, choosing a loamy soil and multiplying rapidly. It is a small trumpet-shaped yellow flower with little to recommend it but its bell-shaped corona of pale yellow, and it does not take kindly to cultivation. It is like many other dwarf bulbs, a self-opinionated creature which chooses its own habitat and is impatient of restraint. But it is nevertheless the only species of narcissus native to this country, and the ancestor of the vast array of kindred blooms which to-

day do such honour to its name.

In the sunny South the narcissus assumes far nobler proportions than with us, and one of its many species, *Narcissus Poeticus*, is among the commonest wild plants of the Italian uplands. Its beauties were sung by Dioscorides, and Virgil refers to it in unmistakable terms. Shakespeare made Proserpina drop the daffodils she had been gathering when seized by Pluto, though the Poet most probably had the fritillary in his mind, as this plant went by the name of the chequered daffodil up to the first classification of the narcissus family.



DAFFODIL, MRS. J. B. M. CAMM

The first enthusiast who took up the study of the narcissus was one John Parkinson, who in 1699 published his



DAFFODIL, SULPHUR HOOP PETTICOAT

work entitled *Paradisus*, in which there appears a very complete arrangement of the then known species numbering some twenty in all. Parkinson first drew attention to the subdivision of the various classes of the flower, and he appears to have taken special pains to distinguish between the true narcissus and the "daff-down dilly."

The impetus given to the study of the daffodil by Parkinson's researches does not appear to have evoked any great interest in the species, nor did the far more recent experiments of Dean Herbert or Mr. Trevor Alcock achieve much more. Among the few horticulturists who took up narcissi as a hobby in consequence of the writings of these experts were, however, two gentlemen, each of whom achieved wonders by means of hybridisation, and established a number of new strains. These enthusiasts were Mr. Leeds, of Longford Bridge, and Mr. Backhouse, of Darlington, and the collections thus established attracted some attention among expert gardeners thirty years ago, with the result that an

amateur who had himself been studying the habits of the narcissus, one Mr. Peter Barr, waited his opportunity, and in the year 1870 purchased both collections outright.

Having thus acquired what was undoubtedly the finest collection of the species at that time extant, Mr. Barr set himself to make the most of his opportunity. He devoted his time and his money to cross-fertilisation and to the raising of new flowers, and his efforts met with marked success. Whereupon this expert began to exhibit his creations, and got laughed at for his pains. The new fancy daffodils, double narcissi, and scented jonquils were sent to one show after another with the same result. The visitors would be attracted by the mass of colour, and going up to the display would exclaim: "Why, they're only daffodils!" and turn away. The flower had not yet been found out, or its beauties discovered. And so for fifteen years did Peter Barr exhibit his beautiful flowers without recognition, nor did he receive any application for his bulbs excepting from a few fellow-enthusiasts.

And then came a change in the public taste. It began to dawn upon flower-lovers that there was something ex-



DOUBLE JONQUIL, ODORUS PLENUM, AND  
DAFFODIL, SULPHUR HOOP PETTICOAT

tremely beautiful in the form of the fancy daffodil. It came to be realised that the flowers bloom at a time of year when blossoms are rare and colour scarce. And so people began to buy bulbs and cultivate the flowers for themselves, and the man who had called them into existence became inundated with requests for plants, until he bowed to necessity, and, enlarging his acreage, began to raise bulbs commercially. Peter Barr has joined the great majority, but he leaves a very solid monument to his memory in the firm he founded in King Street, Covent Garden, which is still managed by his sons, who, having been born and bred among narcissi, are probably the greatest experts in this flower, as they are undoubtedly the biggest growers of it.

It would be a hopeless task to attempt to describe the existing varieties of the narcissus. There are upwards of a thousand kinds, and the number is being added to every year by the raising of fresh hybrids. The business is a gigantic one, and so keen is the desire among collectors, who may be numbered by hundreds, to possess the latest novelty, that prohibitive prices have to be put on new species in order to keep the demand

down to the supply. The production of a new daffodil is a lengthy process. The first result of crossing two flowers will



DAFFODIL, JOHNSTONE, QUEEN OF SPAIN

be three, four or five bulblets, which must be planted the following year and allowed to flower before the result can be judged. When the blooms arrive, in the second spring, they will be small, and it is only in the third year that their real merits can be judged. At this point the flowers are cut and sent to the Royal Horticultural Society's annual exhibition for classification and award; and if the judgment of the experts accords with the claims of the grower, the new strain is granted a certificate and added to the catalogue originally drawn up at the great Daffodil Conference, held under the presidency of Professor Michael Foster in 1884.

So soon as the arrival of a novelty is noted by the numerous amateur enthusiasts, the orders begin to pour in; but the growers cannot accept any orders, as there are only some half a dozen bulbs in existence, and these are required for the production of stock. The species having been certificated, it must, however, be included in the catalogue; and so the dealer puts such a price against



DAFFODIL, JOHN NELSON

the plant as is calculated to restrain the eager purchaser. And even after another year has passed the raiser will



DAFFODIL, BICOLOUR HORSEFIELDII  
(White and yellow)

only have a score or so of bulbs, and he must keep the bulk of these himself. And so it happens that while the very choicest of well-established narcissi can be purchased for a few pence at most, the new species are sometimes figured in pounds. Thus, in a current catalogue which I have before me as I write, I note that a certain daffodil, yclept Fred Moore, the merit of which appears to be its great size, and which was awarded a special acknowledgment of merit so recently as April 27th last year, cannot be purchased for less than twenty-one shillings per bulb; while Golden Queen, another of this year's introductions, is priced at thirty shillings, and for those enthusiastic collectors whose means allow of luxuries, there is the Weardale Perfection, the finest existing daffodil, a recent introduction, which cannot be purchased for less than twelve guineas the single bulb.

The cultivation of the narcissus is of the simplest. The bulbs should be procured in the autumn and planted in a shady place two or three inches below

the surface. They like a fairly rich soil, but have a horror of fresh manure. To do the plants full justice they should be grown in the turf, a grass slope facing north-west being the ideal place. They do not require any special attention, but take care of themselves, and by a judicious choosing of different strains it is possible to ensure a succession of bloom from March to August. It is worthy of note that narcissi, the daffodil species more especially, are seldom cut for their blooms to the best advantage. The proper time to cut daffodils is just before the buds open. When in this state a large number can be packed in a very small space, and the flowers open naturally when the stalks are separated and placed in water. Open flowers do not stand the shock of being cut so well as buds, and they do not in consequence last as long.

Besides the very large trade in fancy narcissi, a trade which is still growing, and remains practically in the hands of the firm above referred to, there is a very large industry which has centred in the culture of the daffodil for the purpose of supplying London with cut flowers. The headquarters of this industry is in Scilly, where the greater proportion of



DAFFODIL, MADAME DE GRAUFF  
(White tinted primrose)

the blooms sent to Covent Garden are raised, and the trade has assumed proportions quite startling in their extent. Thus no fewer than 30,000 packages of these flowers were dispatched to London from Penzance in three weeks of last winter, and of these 4,739 packages, weighing in the aggregate 27 tons, were received in London from Scilly on February 11th. Besides these huge quantities, large supplies are received from the cliff growers in Cornwall, and the nurserymen of the Channel Islands.

Daffodils are also grown by the acre in Lincolnshire, these coming in much later than those from the West, and a few of the market gardeners round London grow them under glass in order to obtain a winter supply.

Nor is the popularity which this flower has earned for itself restricted to this country. The appreciation of the daffodil has spread to the Colonies, and hundreds of thousands of bulbs are

annually exported to New South Wales and New Zealand, where daffodil exhibitions are held every year. And yet the Americans have not yet risen to an appreciation of the flower, which so far has not found any favour across the Atlantic.

The enthusiasts who have become collectors of narcissi are far more numerous than would be supposed. Their name is indeed legion, but among the most noted may be mentioned Mr. T. A. Dorrien Smith, the King of Scilly; Mrs. Morland Crossfield, of Baycliffe, near Warrington; and Mr. C. W. Cowan, of Penny-cuck, Midlothian, all of whom own

collections which are famous.

I am indebted to Messrs. Barr and Sons, of King Street, Covent Garden, for the photographs of choice specimens in their collections which illustrate this article, as well as for much of my information on the history and culture of the plant.



DAFFODIL, HENRY IRVING

THERE'S never a wave upon Western beaches  
Falls and fades to a wreath of foam,  
But takes at the last a voice that reaches  
Over the distance and calls me home.

And you, who love me, if you would know me  
Come away to the Western sea,  
The land that did make shall take and show me  
Better than that I have seemed to be.

# *The Master Criminal*

WRITTEN BY FRED M. WHITE. ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HARDY

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## *IX.—REDBURN CASTLE*

### CHAPTER I.

QUITE a nice little sensation was caused early last season by what was known at the time as the Angela Love incident. Miss Love was a lady who had speedily distinguished herself upon the stage for her remarkable beauty, the daintiness of her pose, and the exceeding sweetness of her smile. Captain Love had been a prominent figure in his time, and when Angela found herself a penniless orphan, she took to the boards as the quickest and easiest way of making a living.

That she was absolutely no actress made no difference to her ultimate success. For the rest she was a brainless, utterly selfish little doll, with a fine talent for the pleading-pathetic branch of flirtation, and ere three months were over a dozen men were ready to cut each other's throats for her sake.

Conspicuous amongst Angela Love's admirers stood the young Duke of Redburn. Up to his twentieth year this young sprig of nobility had been nourished under the wing of a Puritanic grandmother in the seclusion of Redburn Castle, one of the finest and most picturesque residences on the Yorkshire coast. There was a fine vein of the ancient chivalry in Redburn's blood; he was raw and romantic, and once he made the acquaintance of Miss Love, he fell into her toils directly.

According to the quidnuncs, there was only one thing that prevented the lady from becoming Duchess of Redburn instanter. Redburn was poor for a duke, and the pretty actress had a fine eye for the substantial. Also, there was

another keen admirer in the person of Wellington Mills, a young millionaire whose parental millions had been dug out somewhere in the coaly North.

Meanwhile it was a little difficult for Angela Love to make up her mind. By way of making matters secure, she hit upon the happy expedient of becoming engaged to both men at the same time—a profound secret, of course.

And equally, of course, the inevitable happened. A very pretty quarrel took place at the Flaneurs' Club without damaging the lady in the eyes of the two swains, the upshot of the whole business being a duel a day or two later with pistols on the sands at Trouville, in which fray Redburn lost his left arm. The next post after this Homeric contest brought letters to each of the combatants from Angela Love. She was very much annoyed, she said, at what had taken place, and being unable to decide between the two fiery knights, had solved the gordian knot by marrying Prince Doddlekin, who, incidentally, is one of the richest men in Europe. Princess Doddlekin is to-day a prominent figure in society and adores her Tartar husband, who, it is said, beats her upon times. Angela is the class of woman who always admires that kind of man.

Wellington Mills swore by all his gods to abjure the sex henceforward, and six months later led to the altar Lady Amelia Bulfinch, only daughter of Lord Lockland. On the other hand, Redburn took the thing far more to heart. He started without delay for the far West of America on a hunting expedition, leaving strict orders behind him that

no letters or papers of any kind were to be forwarded for a year.

All this was accordingly set out at length in *The Lyre* and *The Universe*, and for seven subsequent numbers the rival editors quarrelled over petty details, and agreeing upon one fact only—that the Duke of Redburn had really gone.

Few people followed this little romance with more interest than Felix Gryde. He had read something of it in a New York paper, and it had been his privilege to see on a Western-going express his Grace of Redburn with a small arsenal in charge of his man. Gryde had met with a nasty accident and was proceeding homewards to recuperate. With a swift change of plans, he at once joined the Western train and contrived to spend a day or two in Redburn's company. The upshot of this will be seen presently. Before finally leaving New York, Gryde posted to England a couple of letters copied from a specimen of handwriting in his possession which caused him infinite pains and trouble.

Nine days later he astonished and delighted Cora Coventry by a call. Most people were out of town by this time. Cora pined, neglected, scarcely knowing where to go. And now Gryde had changed the whole aspect of affairs.

"You are looking wretchedly ill," said Cora.

"I am ill," Gryde responded. "I want a thorough change—a big comfortable country house, a little shooting, and a bracing sea air. But all my capital is out ground-baiting at present, and I have no money to spare. Still, I can see a way."

"You always can," Cora murmured admiringly.

"A way to a few months in a grand old castle where we can fare on the best at no expense whatever to ourselves. You have a very pretty talent for playing a part, Cora, and you have also spent a year or two in America. Are you ready?"

"Am I ready!" Cora cried. "I am ready for anything to vary this monotony, and I can always rely upon you

where there is any real danger. What is your plan, Paul?"

As may be remembered, Gryde was Paul Manners to Cora Coventry.

"Extremely simple," Gryde exclaimed. "I am a wealthy American, Cyrus B. Coventry. I have of late made my pile in the States, and I have come over to see my sister. You *may* have a rich brother in the States for anything one knows to the contrary. So, on the whole, you had better remain as you are—if danger arises it will make the escape all the easier for you, as I will explain presently. Cyrus Coventry will call upon you to-morrow, properly dressed for the part, and you will receive him with open arms."

"Good!" Cora cried. "What fun it will be! And where are we going?"

"We are going to take Redburn Castle for six months," Gryde said gravely. "To-morrow you and I will go together to call upon the agents. Everything is arranged, and you will find the whole thing as easy as possible. What time shall you be ready?"

Cora announced that eleven o'clock would suit her perfectly, and Gryde departed. When he made his appearance the following morning Cora scarcely recognised him. He was American of the best type to the life; even his expression of face had changed.

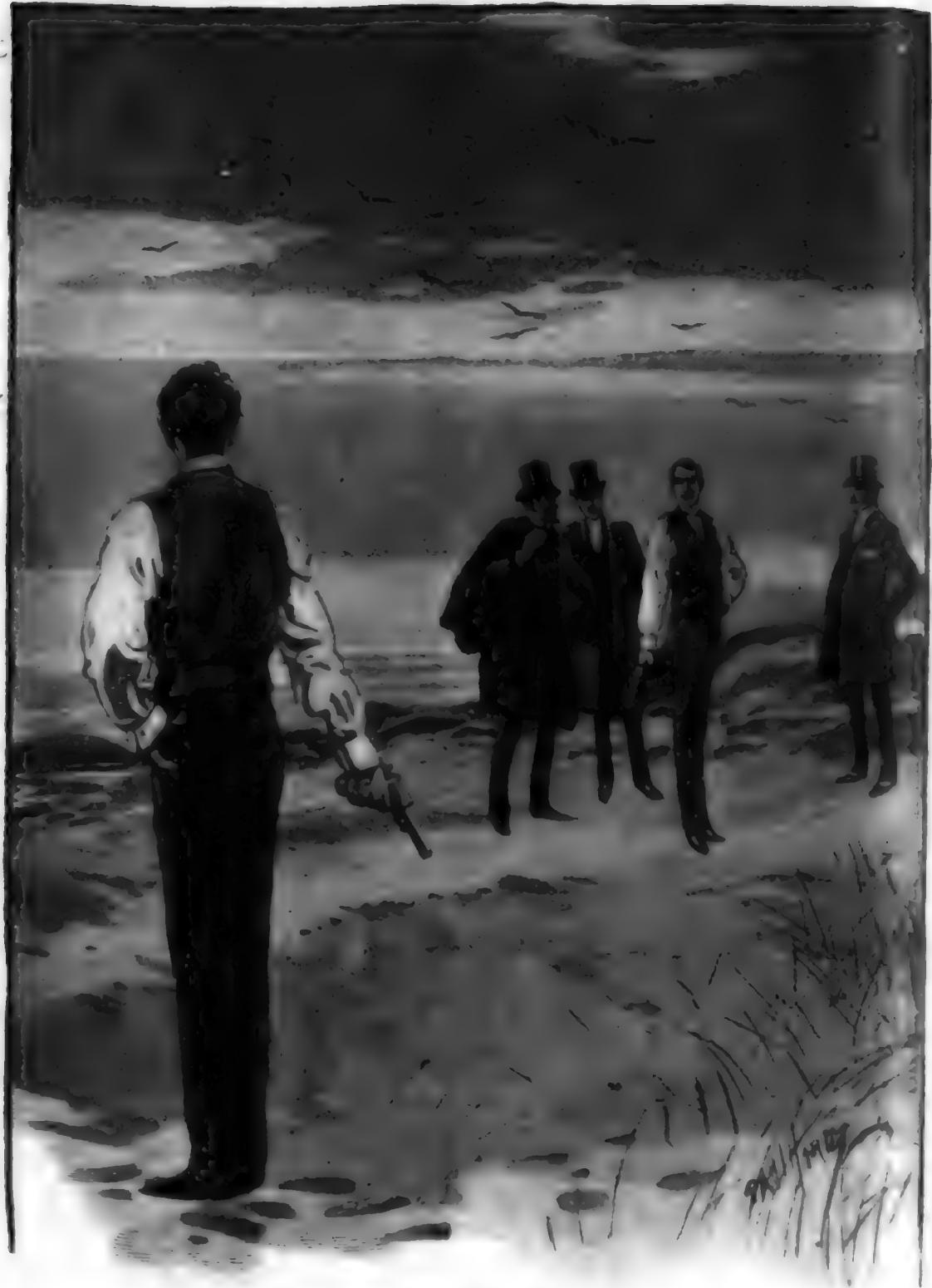
"Guess you are ready," he said with a slight drawl. "And you're coming along with me to fix up things with the Duke's agent. I've got a car outside."

Cora allowed herself to go with the tide, and a little later she and Gryde found themselves in Cheapside. In Ironmonger Lane were situated the offices of Messrs. Sutton and Co., in whose hands, more or less, all the property in England is manipulated.

In a careless, off-hand kind of way Gryde produced a neat card bearing the legend, "Cyrus B. Coventry, Langham Hotel." After a slight delay, he and Cora found themselves ushered up the stairs into the office of one of the partners.

"I expect you know my business?" said Gryde.

Mr. Martin Sutton took up a letter from his table.



"ON THE SANDS AT TROUVILLE"

"O, yes," he said. "I have been expecting you, Mr. Coventry. As you may have guessed, we have heard from the Duke."

"Guess I saw the letter written," Gryde responded.

"Quite so; therefore I need not read the same to you. His Grace tells me that he had made your acquaintance in New York, that you intended coming to England for some months, and further that you required a large house for the

term. I rather gather that you agreed to take Redburn Castle on the spot."

"Well, I guess I'm a business man," Gryde observed. "And I've heard of the Castle from one who has been a guest there. I made the Duke an offer for six months, and passed the cheque there and then. If I continue for another six months, I am to let you know, and pay the next cheque over to you."

"Absolutely correct," Sutton smiled. "You will like to take possession at once?"

"Just so. In consideration of the amount paid I am to have the run of everything: the cellar, the stables, in fact, the whole show. The staff of servants will remain, but they are to look to you for their wages, you also defraying the expenses of the house, minus legitimate housekeeping. Am I right, Mr. Sutton?"

"Absolutely, my dear sir, absolutely. I will see that you have no trouble this way. And when should you like to take possession?"

"Next Monday, if you can manage matters?"

"Nothing could be easier. I will send one of our staff to Redburn, and he shall explain everything to the steward and housekeeper. If there is nothing else—"

"There is nothing else, and I am wasting your valuable time. Good-day."

Cora thrilled with excitement. Swift has said that every woman is a rake at heart, and Cora possessed a native love for adventure. She knew perfectly well that she would have all the fun of an illicit incident capable of many opportunities without much risk so far as she was con-

cerned. Also she had perfect faith in Gryde. Whatever happened he would see her safely through.

Her eyes danced with fun as she met Gryde's gaze.

"It will be splendid," she said. "Paul, what shall we do next?"

"Lunch," Gryde said laconically. "I told the man to drive to Verrey's. In the next few days you will have plenty to do getting your traps ready."

A dainty luncheon was ordered and dispatched. Over the champagne Cora dilated upon the fun and enjoyment she meant to have. Doubtless, the county would call, and for once in her life she could play the great lady.

"I have fallen in love with your scheme, Paul," she said. "What a wonderful man you are!"

"More wonderful than you think," Gryde said with truth.

"Never mind that. There is one thing that puzzles me. Without paying, how did you get the Duke to write that letter?"

"I didn't get him to do it," Gryde smiled.

"Then how did you come to know it was there?"

Gryde smiled again as he refilled his glass. He paused a moment or two before he proceeded to gratify Cora's curiosity.

"These things are always so easy when you know how they are done," he said. "I knew all about that letter for the very good, simple and sufficient reason that I wrote it myself. Some people might call it forgery—we'll say manipulation."

## CHAPTER II.

CORA COVENTRY'S sanguine expectations were not doomed to disappointment. *The Lyre* and *The Universe* proclaimed to all and sundry that the wealthy American, Cyrus B. Coventry, had taken Redburn Castle for a term, and then proceeded to quarrel, as usual, as to whether Coventry's pile had been made in hogs or oil.

On one point they both agreed—that Coventry was both extremely rich and

lavishly hospitable. This being accepted on all hands, it became no matter of surprise that the world of the North Riding of Yorkshire called upon the Coventrys.

Naturally, Cora enjoyed herself to the full. Being possessed of both brains and talent, she had no difficulty in passing with the real sovereign ring. Never before had the gates of Redburn Castle

been thrown open so widely; never had such lavish hospitality been known. The Coventrys lived *en prince*—as indeed they might do, seeing that the whole thing was costing practically nothing.

Needless to say, the millionaire tenant of Redburn Castle had the most unlimited credit so far as Metropolitan tradesmen were concerned. Then there were the Redburn cellars, gardens, and stables to fall back upon. By the time Christmas arrived, no more popular couple existed in Yorkshire than the Coventrys.

And now the whole county was agog with excitement. As if to crown their stay in the shire of broad acres, invitations for a dance had been sent out broadcast. At least a thousand guests were bidden; the great banqueting hall had been specially decorated for the occasion; a special train was to bring the supper from London. Gryde rather grudged this train; it was the one item of importance that required good money.

"Never mind," Cora laughed; "I don't suppose we have laid out two hundred pounds in cash all the time we have been here. Upon my word, when I look at the wonderful things here—the plate and the pictures—I wonder at your moderation."

Gryde laughed in his turn.

"So do I," he responded grimly. "Anyway, there is time enough for that. What a dramatic thing if the Duke were to turn up this evening."

Cora protested against any such awful suggestion.

"I should find a way out," Gryde said. "In fact, I am prepared for any emergency. The stage has been set for weeks past."

A large party of guests dined at the Castle, and about ten the rest of the fortunate ones began to arrive. In the grand old hall, as the clock struck twelve, they all sat down to supper. It would have been hard to imagine a more



"'GUESS YOU ARE READY'"

brilliant or artistic spectacle. It will be a long time before Yorkshire ceases to discuss the night of the Coventry dance at Redburn.

A veritable picture in black lace and diamonds, Cora moved amongst her guests. Her mind was far removed from trouble or danger. As she sailed past an excited group standing in the great hall a chance word fell on her ear and held her to the spot. Just for an instant she swayed and would have fallen. Then she took her courage in

both hands. The danger was horribly real and tangible.

In the centre of the little group before her stood a brown, grim-faced man in evening dress. There was nothing terrible about him save the fact that his left sleeve, which was empty, was pinned to his coat. Cora's wits were sharpened; she knew without anyone telling her that this was the Duke of Redburn.

"Miss Coventry," said a gay voice, "will you come here? We have a surprise for you."

"Indeed, that is very kind of you," Cora responded with a gaiety wonderful under the circumstances. "I will be with you in one moment."

Like light Cora flew along the corridor towards the smoking-room. Then she literally fell into the arms of the man she was seeking.

"Cora," Gryde exclaimed, "what on earth is the matter?"

"The Duke," Cora whispered; "he is in the ballroom at this moment."

Gryde smiled. No muscle quivered. He betrayed no emotion whatever.

"Is that really so," he said. "Strange how perverse people are. He might have had the good taste to wait till tomorrow. Cora, can I trust you?"

"Where you are in danger," Cora replied.

"The danger is far less than you think, child. Did I not tell you that I had made special preparations for a contingency like this? And in any case, I have specially arranged it that you shall appear to have been an innocent victim. Go back to the Duke and profess to be delighted to see him. As so many of his own personal friends are here, he will not make a scene—indeed, he is far too much of a gentleman for that. The scene will be with me. And when he asks to see me, tell him as naturally as possible that I have been called away for a little time on business, and that he will find me in the small library writing a letter."

Cora nodded. Her faith in the speaker was implicit.

"Very well," she said; "but there will be no violence?"

"O, dear no. I have always, at least

nearly always, avoided that kind of thing. Run along, Cora; time is precious now."

As Cora passed along the corridor, Gryde darted upstairs towards his own room. The Duke of Redburn was still standing talking to his friends when Cora came up. There was a flush on her cheeks, a sparkle in her eyes; otherwise she betrayed no fear.

"Can you guess who this is?" a guest asked Cora.

There came a puzzled pucker in the white forehead, then Cora smiled and held out her hand.

"Our landlord, the Duke," she said, cordially. "What a pleasant surprise! And how nice of you to come at such a time, and in so friendly a way!"

Redburn was too astonished to reply. Was the woman mad to carry her audacity to such a length? Otherwise, her acting was superb.

"I am sorry I did not come before," Redburn at length said, grimly.

"Indeed, so am I," Cora replied. "My brother will be delighted to see you."

"And I can assure you, Miss—er—Coventry, the pleasure will be mutual. I have met your brother before, and shall have no difficulty in recognising him. If you will tell me where I am likely to find him, I will——"

"O, a little bit of business has detained him," Cora said, innocently. "You will find him at present in the small library, writing a letter. Don't stand on ceremony."

Redburn responded that he would not do anything of the kind. He was still utterly puzzled by Cora's free and engaging manner.

"She's innocent enough," he muttered to himself as he took his way to the library; "anyone can see that from her face. Probably that scoundrel took her in as he did everybody else. It's lucky I got hold of that stray number of *The Lyre*."

Redburn opened the library door and closed it behind him. At a table sat a man who appeared to be busily engaged over a letter. The envelope, ready directed, was alongside. The Duke saw



"**OUR LANDLORD, THE DUKE?**"

the same was addressed to Scotland Yard.

"Well, you scoundrel!" he said, "so I have found you out."

A handsome, clean-shaven face was raised to Redburn's.

"I beg your pardon," came the reply; "did you speak, sir?"

Again Redburn paused. This was not Coventry, or indeed anything like him.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered; "I took you for Coventry. I am the Duke of —"

The writer rose to his feet with a cry.

"So your Grace has come back," he said. "That accounts for Coventry quitting the Castle so hurriedly just now. He must have seen you."

"But who the deuce are you?" Redburn demanded.

"Well, your Grace," was the reply, "I am known here as James Malcolm, Coventry's new secretary, but as a matter of fact I am a detective from Scotland Yard, and at their instigation I obtained this situation. The suggestion was inspired from New York, for the police there fancy Coventry is a man they want. As to that I cannot say—but I do know the man to be a great scoundrel. We had to proceed quietly, you understand. I trust your Grace has not betrayed the truth."

"I have betrayed nothing," Redburn said impatiently. "When I found this thing out, entirely by accident, I turned back as quickly as possible. My idea was to take the rascal red-handed and give him a sound thrashing before the police appeared. Is Miss Coventry as cool and unscrupulous as her brother?"

"Your Grace may make certain of one thing,"—Malcolm said earnestly. "Of this swindle Miss Coventry knows nothing. She really believes her brother to be a millionaire. He left England fourteen years ago and until recently she had never seen him. I am immensely sorry for the poor girl."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that," Redburn muttered. "But don't you think we are wasting time here? If the culprit has spotted me there is no further occasion for diplomacy on your part. The great question now is, where is he?"

"And as it happens I can solve the problem," said Malcolm. "He has hidden himself in the old Smugglers' Cave. There is a full tide by this time, and his escape is cut off for the present. Coventry is quite safe till the morning."

"That won't do for me, Mr. Malcolm. Is there a boat down by the cliffs?"

"There is a boat there, as your Grace is aware."

"Then come on. I shan't rest satisfied until I lay my hands on that scoundrel, who has doubtless some cunning scheme on hand. If you'll come with me now, Mr. Malcolm, I'll make it worth your while."

Malcolm rose with alacrity.

"I will do anything your Grace requires," he said. "Shall we go this way so as to avoid any gossip amongst the

guests. Fortunately the night is warm. I will row you to the cave. I know that Coventry is unarmed."

The pair passed out into the garden and along the cliffs. There was only one path down there and no cottage for miles. An intense desolation reigned on the sands. A dozen murders might have been committed there with impunity. A boat lay close to the water's edge, for the tide was fast ebbing.

"Coventry must have swum out," Malcolm suggested. "Will your Grace get in? I can easily shove the boat off."

Malcolm pushed off, and steered with the one scull astern rudder fashion. A grey mist lay over the sea, a crescent moon gave a faint, watery light. For some time the craft proceeded, but keeping within a hundred yards of the shore.

"Upon my word," Redburn remarked presently, "out of my many adventures lately I have had none stranger than this. Perhaps you can tell me why Coventry prefers to hide in the Smugglers' Cave?"

"The answer is quite easy," Malcolm smiled. "I can assure you that Coventry is a man of infinite resources. You may be certain that he was prepared for this contingency. He has a steam yacht lying off the roads yonder, and a signal at daybreak would mean that a boat has to be sent off. Can you swim?"

Redburn pointed to his left, vacant sleeve with a smile.

"I once attempted to after losing my arm, and nearly paid the penalty of my over-confidence with my life," he said. "Why do you ask?"

"Because the scull has slipped from my hand, and we are drifting helplessly out to sea with the tide," Malcolm responded. "If you can't leave I must."

To Redburn's intense astonishment Malcolm promptly plunged overboard. After a time Redburn saw him emerge on the rocks.

"What are you going to do?" shouted the latter.

"Return to the Castle," came the reply, in a voice that caused Redburn to start. "Good-night, your Grace. Fortunately the night is mild and the sea

calm, and no doubt you will be picked up in a few hours. You may yell and scream as loud as you like, for nobody is likely to hear you."

"The scoundrel Coventry!" Redburn roared. "If I could only swim!"

"Lucky you can't," Gryde—otherwise Malcolm—said, grimly. "If you had replied in the affirmative I should have been under the painful necessity of putting a bullet through your head. Good-night."

Leaving the Duke foaming with impotent rage Gryde proceeded leisurely up the cliffs towards the Castle. Out-

Cora drew Gryde on one side. Her lips were pale as ashes.

"Paul," she whispered, "Paul, you have not—"

"Redburn is absolutely safe," Gryde responded. "Not so much as a hair of his head has been injured. He is perfectly safe in more senses than one. Meanwhile you can resume the gaiety necessary to the occasion."

The first faint streaks of dawn were in the sky when the last guest departed. Not till then did Cora and Gryde find themselves free to talk.

"I am to speak and you are to listen,



"PROMPTLY PLUNGED OVERBOARD"

side the main windows he halted. In one of them overhead—his dressing-room—was one lighted up. From the casement depended a knotted rope. Gryde swarmed up like a cat.

To strip off and hide his wet clothing was the work of a moment. In less time than one could believe Gryde was serene and calm in the ballroom again. Smiling, yet with a world of anxiety in her eyes, Cora came towards him.

"Where is the Duke?" she asked aloud.

I regret to say he has gone," Gryde replied. "He did not come to stay; indeed, but for some business matter he would not have been here at all. He bade me to say everything that was polite to his friends."

said the latter. "Within half an hour I must be clear of this house, child. Never mind how I go and in what guise, because that is my secret. I am going to leave you here, presumably to stand the brunt of the fray, but really to shield you from danger. Understand that you are simply the tool in the hands of a rascally brother. You have been cruelly deceived. On my dressing-table is a letter to you confessing my fault and imploring your forgiveness. A consummate actress like you can carry off the thing perfectly. Besides, you have had a really good time of it, and now you must pay the piper. When Redburn does turn up, your cue is not to know I have really gone. *Às revir.*"

With a careless wave of his hand,

Gryde turned away. A little later a figure stole from the house in the grey of the dawn and disappeared along the cliffs. And it is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that Cyrus B. Coventry is still at large.

\* \* \* \*

It is hardly necessary either to state that Redburn turned up in due course. Cora received him smilingly. Where was her brother? Why, in bed still. Cora's astonishment to find this a mistake was artistic, her grief when she came to read the fatal letter a study.

Redburn, whose nature is sentimental, was profoundly moved at this distress. He blamed himself. Cora he did not doubt for a moment. And when she departed for London later in the day he saw her to the station in his own carriage. Was there anything he could do?

"Nothing," Cora said faintly. "All I want is to be alone."

Once alone she speedily dried her tears. A queer smile was on her face.

"If I liked," she said to herself, "and if I cared for Paul a little less, it is just possible I might end my life as a respectable humdrum duchess!"



NERCHSEN

THE OLD HOUSE

# *Canting Heraldry*

BY CALLUM BEG, AUTHOR OF "HERALDRY," "NAVAL HERALDRY," &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY HILDA CAMPBELL

**H**ERALDRY has little attraction for the gallants of the nineteenth century. They affirm that chivalry is dead, and, believing this, deem it unprofitable to study a science dating from a time when joists



WOOD

and tourneys formed the chief amusement of the "upper ten." Men whose fathers have witnessed the rise of the telegraph, whose sons look forward with eagerness to the universal adoption of the motor-car, discard with unconcealed cynicism the ancient science of armoury. It is to them the invention of a generation endowed with an imagination far superior to its knowledge of natural history—an exclusive system of pictorial Freemasonry responsible for the delineation of hybrid animals and other objects of grotesque proportions. A science possessing records so antagonistic to the doctrines of Darwin cannot, they think, be worthy of serious attention, even

were its symbols to them an open book. Is there, then, no knowledge to be culled from the escutcheon of the patrician? Do the hieroglyphics of the Desert render the story of the Pyramids unintelligible to the Egyptologist? No; the lion rampant, the water-bouget, the scallop shell, and the covered cup all convey to the herald some information relative to the character or office of the original bearer.

Indeed, it has been stated, and not without reason, that heraldry is the key to history. Be that as it may, it is certain that no small portion of the history of individual families has been gathered from the arms they bore. Though the young man of the period refuses to devote his time to anything less exciting than the state of "the South African



HUNT

Market" or the "latest betting," there is a large and, it is to be hoped, an ever-increasing section of the community at all times ready to add to its store of



WHALLEY

knowledge. It were impossible, in the space allotted, to treat of heraldry in general terms. The subject is too extensive to admit of this. It can, however, be divided and sub-divided into a hundred and one parts—some serious, some comical, but all, whether studied individually or collectively, furnishing abundant interest for the general reader whose acquaintance with things heraldic may be most elementary. Possibly the arms most calculated to arrest the attention of a layman are those claiming some more or less apparent connection with the name or occupation of the bearer, known as "canting" or "allusive arms." Although the uninitiated may despise those *armes parlantes* as vulgar and unreal, there exists undeniable proof in the oldest heraldic manuscripts extant that the system of punning has existed from a very early date.

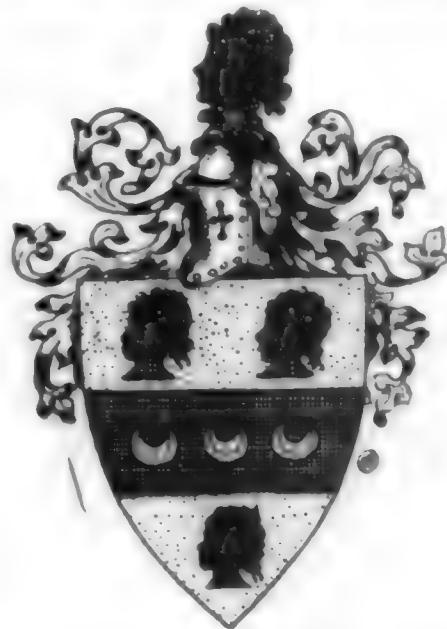
Canting heraldry may for the present purpose be classified under three heads. The name or office may be connected

by an allusion or pun: (1) with the arms and crest; (2) with the arms only; (3) with the crest only.

In some cases the arms furnish the surname of the bearer; in others the shield is blazoned to depict the name; but in the majority of instances it is practically impossible to determine whether the name or bearing is the older.

The stringent laws enabling the Heralds' College to prosecute those who, without licence, assumed armorial bearings, have long vanished into oblivion.

The successful financier now quarters with impunity either on his plate or carriage any heraldic device which his fancy may dictate. No doubt, in many instances, what he regards as a guarantee of gentility is, though unknown to the pompous bearer, an allusion to his former occupation, proceeding from the fertile brain of the "Herald-painter." Such arms, being unauthenticated, are valueless as examples. The writer has therefore determined to notice those escutcheons only which are registered in one or other of the recognised documents, or



BLACKMORE

which, on account of their antiquity, may be (though unregistered) accepted as genuine.

Turning to the first division we find several good examples recorded in the

"Visitations of the Heralds" at the end of the sixteenth century. For instance, a certain family named Wood bore (arms) argent, on a mount an oak tree vert, fructed or, (crest) a demi-wild man holding in his dexter hand an oak tree, erased, vert, fructer or. The pun here is easily apparent, and the crest seems to imply that the first Wood was not only a dweller in the forest but "monarch of all he surveyed."

In these early documents animals are largely used for the purposes of punning. One Hunt (the oldest form of the name Hunter, Huntsman, &c.), who flourished about the same period, could claim as his ancestor a veritable Esau. He bore (arms) azure on a bend, between two water-bougets or, three leopards' faces gules. His powers are further recorded in an elaborate crest blazoned as follows: On a mount vert, against a halbert erect in pale or, a talbot (or hound) sejant of the second, collared and tied gules. In the latter are all the accessories of the ancient hunter, for it may safely be inferred that the fastnesses and forest glades were impracticable to a mounted man. The talbot is "the scion of an

bered that there existed at that time no body incorporate entitled "The Kennel Club." Although the arms of the hunter are duly registered, the student must

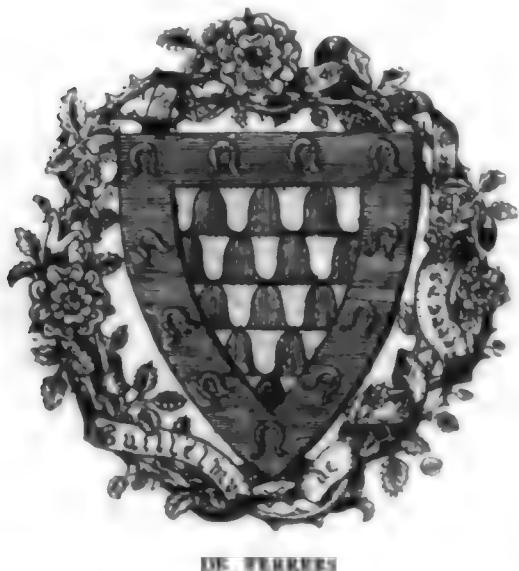


ROKRELL

seek in vain for the pedigree of the talbot in the "Stud Book." Whalley, whose arms are recorded in the Visitation of Leicestershire (1619) bore (arms) argent, three whale's heads erased sable, (crest) a whale's head erased sable. It would be difficult to arrive at the origin of the coat. Though the bearer may have been a fisher of no mean repute, it can hardly be credited that he ever succeeded in landing such a powerful shoal.

In the same record the arms of Starkie are somewhat imperfectly given as (field untinctured) a stork (untinctured). The crest is a stork, holding in its beak a snake (untinctured). In this example the pun is obtained by changing the first vowel from "a" to "o."

Another instance of the first class will amply demonstrate the partiality then existing for puns both in arms and crest—Blackmore (arms) or on a fess, between three Moors' heads side-faced, couped, sable, three crescents argent. (crest) a Moor's head erased sable gorged or. Such charges are usually understood to record bravery in battle with the Moors, and it may be that in this case the surname was derived from the arms.

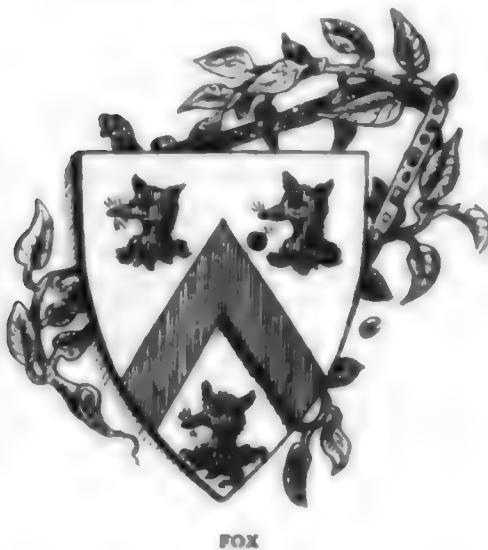


DE TERRIS

ancient race," and, it may be, the ancestor of the English bull-dog or mastiff; but in criticising our canine friend as depicted by the heralds of old it must be remem-

\* Heraldic Tinctures, or = gold, argent = silver, azure = blue, gules = red, vert = green, sable = black.

The examples of an intimate connection between the name and arms only are considerably more abundant. The following from Charles' Roll,



FOX

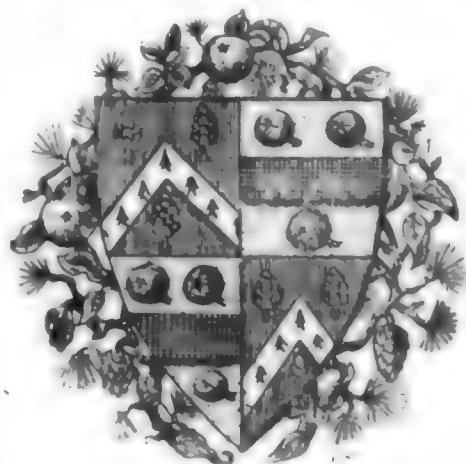
originally compiled during the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I., go to prove that long before the Visitations had commenced the punning herald was fully occupied: Amauri d'Lucy azure semé ('covered with) of cross-crosslets, three lucies (or pikes) hauriant or. Will. d'Fereres (modern equivalent Ferrers or Farrier) vairy or and gules, a bordure azure, semé of horseshoes argent. In the original French the pun is more evident, horseshoe being rendered "*fer à cheval*." Pers Corbet, or two ravens (or cubies) in pale sable. Roger de Trumpinton azure, semé of cross-crosslets, two trumpets in pile or. Robert Kokerell, or a cross gules between four cocks gules. Surnames were frequently derived from the office held by the bearer (*e.g.*, Steward or Stewart), and his arms, when indicative of his office, were thus also connected with his name. Examples of this are rife in the Visitations. Boteler (Butler) bore three covered cups or, thus plainly recording the occupation of his ancestor. The present Marquess of Ormonde, whose ancestor, Theobald Fitz-Walter, was created Chief Butler in Ireland in 1177 by Henry II., bears gules three covered cups or.

The Visitations supply us with innu-

merable cases of allusive arms in which animals take a leading part. Fox bore argent a chevron between three foxes' heads erased gules. The arms of Badcocke (1620) were sable on a pale argent three cocks gules. The escutcheon of Swallor displayed a fess or, between three swallows volant azure. The arms of Moore were argent a chevron between three moorcocks sable-crested gules, and those of Bullock gules a chevron ermine three bulls' heads cabossed or.

In one case the arms of Pyne were quartered with those of Appleton. By some remarkable coincidence both were canting coats. Pyne bore gules a chevron ermine between three pine cones or, and Appleton a fess sable between three apples or stalked vert. There are undoubtedly few other cases of this in British armoury, for the alliance of the two families could hardly have been brought about in order to obtain an almost isolated case of *armes parlantes*.

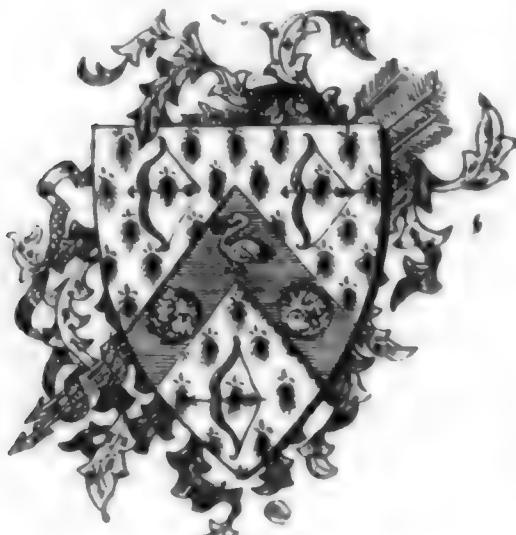
In 1618 Sheffield bore or, a fess between six garbs gules. Garb signifies "shiel" in heraldry, and the pun is rendered complete by the tincture of the shield—viz., or (gold), which is the nearest approach to the general colour presented by a field of stubble after the corn has



PYNE, QUARTERING APPLETON

been gathered in shiefs. As early as 1552 the arms of Bowes were recorded as follows: ermine, three bows bent gules, on a chevron azure a swan argent inmembered gules, holding in his beak a ring or between two lions' faces of the last.

Turner exemplified what we may infer was the occupation of his remote ancestor by bearing sable, a chevron ermine between three mill rinds or, on a chief argent a lion passant gules.



BOWES

Belonging to the third class is the crest of Parker, who, in order to record the office of "ranger," displayed a talbot or, passant between two trees leaved proper; and Bellew, playing on his patronymic, had for crest an arm embowed vested vert, cuffed argent, hand proper, holding the clapper of a bell gules. From the same records it is found that Bacon had for crest a boar passant ermine. A rasher, though less picturesque and romantic, would have furnished a pun more glaring if less refined. The Bacons, baronets of Redgrave and Mildenhall, still carry the ancient crest. The ancient house of Cranston in Scotland had for crest a crane holding in its dexter foot a stone, all proper. This is one of the best examples of a canting crest alluding as it does to both syllables of the name, viz., crane-stone. The Griffiths, baronets of Pencraig, have as a crest on a ducal coronet a griffin sejant or, charged on the shoulder with a trefoil vert. The Halketts of Pitfarrane bear a

salcon's (or hawk's) head erased proper, and here it may not be out of place to note that the name, Hawkhead in Scotland is pronounced in the same way as Halkett. The crest of Hart of Kilmo riarty is thus blazoned, on a mount vert a hart trippant proper holding in the mouth a four-leaved shamrock.

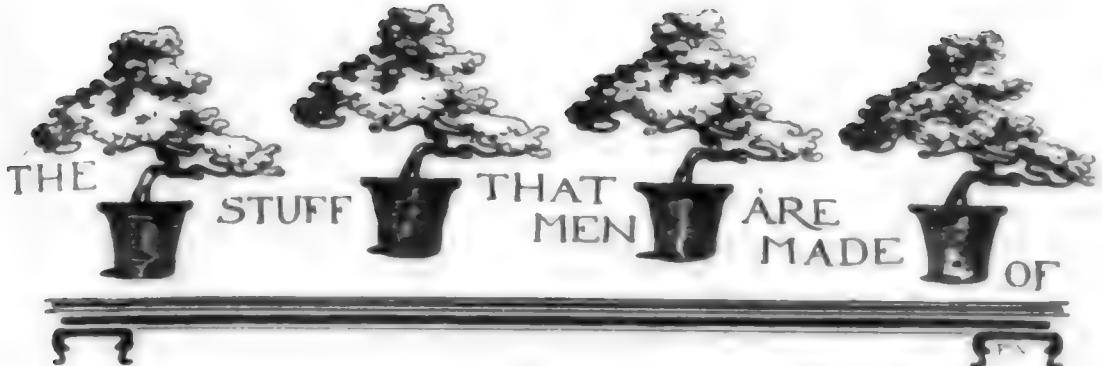
The instances enumerated do not by any means form an exhaustive list of allusive arms, but it is possible that even such a brief catalogue may be the means of interesting in heraldry some who formerly regarded it as the science of snobs and parvenus.

Those quoted are not extracted from any list already compiled, but have been chiefly selected from among numerous examples in the "Visitation of the Heralds" and other records contained in the Harleian Manuscripts. In noting examples the writer has refrained from



CRANSTON

including the well-known and by no means complete list which has, by some method best known to the various authors, found its way *verbatim et literatim* into almost every modern textbook of heraldry.



WRITTEN BY J. A. FLYNN. ILLUSTRATED BY F. VIGERS

"**T**HE worst of a good action is that you're sure to be sorry for it afterwards." Auracle said that in the smoking-room at our club, so it must be right. Mine is a very exclusive club, and I pick up a lot of things there.

It hasn't seemed quite true in my experience what Auracle said. But, then, I haven't done enough good actions to give it a fair trial. Besides—don't give me away—I haven't been in society long, and so I don't know much about things. Sometimes I used to wish that I had never got into society at all; but that was before I—she—well, I'll tell you.

It was down at the Scantleigh's place that I met her—Lady Mary Newlyn. Of course, she didn't know what I had been, and, of course, I didn't tell her. You see I was a good cricketer and a crack footballer before I came into Uncle Joe's money, and always played on our early-closing afternoons. When I had plenty of time and money to spare I soon made a lot of acquaintances, and I got into society through my playing friends, like the Hon. Bob Scantleigh. People knew me as Johnson the cricketer, or Johnson the half-back. It never occurred to them that I had been Johnson the draper. You needn't go and tell them, you know.

Well, as I was saying, young Scantleigh asked me to his place in September, when football began, and I met her. Somehow we took to one another from the first. It seems rather a reflection on her judgment, but you

mustn't suppose I was an uneducated boor who couldn't speak the Queen's English. Anyone might really have taken me for a gentleman, don't you know. Lots of people did. She did.

It made a lot of difference to me, knowing her. She was so much nicer and prettier and better than other girls, and she used to talk to me about all sorts of things that other people didn't—aims and aspirations and ideals and so on. Of course, I could never come up to them—not having been brought up in good society—but I concluded to try if she would help me just a little.

"Don't you think, Mr. Johnson," she said one late September night—we were sitting on the balcony, looking out over the river—"that every man should set up a standard of his own?"

"He wouldn't be capable." I wasn't.

"He ought to be capable; and to live up to it independently of circumstances."

"He can't be independent of circumstances—some circumstances."

"What circumstances?" She looked up eagerly in the moonshine, and I watched the lights dancing in her eyes.

"She-circumstances!" I said. She looked down, and I lost the dancing lights.

"I don't think he ought to be afraid even of her—them, I mean." Lady Mary played with her handkerchief, and I sighed. I was wondering what she would think of the drapery circumstances.

"It is very doubtful," I remarked slowly, "if a man can ever get quite away from his circumstances—any of

them. He would always be himself-and-his-circumstances."

"And - her - circumstances," she suggested, with a sudden little laugh. She has a delightful laugh.

"If any."

"I understood you that he must be hampered with some she-circumstances."



"SHE HAD LOST A SOVEREIGN"

"Must want some," I corrected. "It doesn't follow that he would get them. That's the rub." I waited for assistance, but she didn't offer any.

"You are playing centre-half tomorrow?" she inquired, irrelevantly.

"Yes, you will see me struggling with very tough circumstances in Tallboy, the Wanderers' captain."

"Haven't you a football ideal?" She looked at me seriously, with her dainty head a little on one side.

"Ye—es. O, yes, I suppose so."

"What is it?"

I twirled my moustache and considered. "To 'play the game,' winning or losing. That's about it."

"Wouldn't that"—she touched my sleeve with her finger-tips in her earnestness—"wouldn't that do for an ideal of life, too?" Then we were silent for a couple of minutes. I didn't see my way to "playing the game" with her.

"You will be catching cold," I said at last: "I must take you in."

"You haven't answered my question."

"Life," I observed, "is much harder to play than football, Lady Mary. Life is a very difficult game."

"But I think you could play it very well."

It was difficult to refrain from seizing her little hands and begging her to play it with me—me, the draper's son!

"People only ask what company a man plays it in."

They do not seem to care much *how* he plays it."

"People do not matter," said she, scornfully.

"Pardon me; some people do."

She set her lips and gave me a quick glance. Of course she knew I wanted her badly—anyone could see that—and expected me to tell her so. But I feared

it would all be over when I mentioned the drapery. I was bound to tell her about it, if I proposed. And if she went out of my life there didn't seem anything to do, except shoot myself. I didn't care much about that either, don't you know.

"Now you really must come in, Lady Mary," I said at length. "It is getting quite chilly, and you're not keeping your wrap round you."

She snatched the wrap away from my touch, and walked quickly in. For the rest of the evening she scarcely spoke to me, and she avoided me all the next morning. She thought that perhaps I didn't care for her!

However, she was intent upon the football match next afternoon, like the dear little enthusiast that she was; and I stuck to it like grim death. The people looking on kept cheering me, but, of course, there was no merit in doing well in such a match, really. I was used to much stronger opponents. Anyhow, Lady Mary waved her handkerchief to me at half-time, and when the game was over; and I made up my mind to tell her in the evening.

Now I'm coming to the point of my story. I've only just noticed that I haven't said anything about it yet—Miss Pinnock, the governess, I mean.

It was like this. When I was a salesman at Flimsey and Tapelow's, Miss Pinnock was a governess at Miss Starchey's Academy for Young Ladies. She was as proud as Lucifer, and as poor as—well, ever so much poorer than I was. O, no, you needn't suspect an affair of the heart. She was older than my mother, and not at all good-looking.

One afternoon she came in to get a few pennyworth of tape, and I served her. When she pulled out her purse to pay she went first red and then white, and began softly crying, though, of course, I pretended not to notice. She had lost a sovereign, she stammered out, and so she would not take the tape. "So very sorry to have given any trouble." And she went out with her poor old grey head hanging down.

It worried me rather, and I told the mater about it when I got home. She

almost cried over it. "The poor woman keeps her invalid mother, Frank," she said tearfully, "like you keep yours" (I wish I had her to keep now!) "and I believe Miss Starchey scarcely pays her enough to keep body and soul together. Whatever will they do?"

"Shall I send her a sovereign, mater?" I asked, thinking ruefully of our little hoard. The mater shook her head.

"She would never accept it, Frank," she said.

"She needn't know where it came from."

"She wouldn't spend it. I'm sure she wouldn't. It would only hurt her feelings."

Well, somehow or other, the point worried me so that I couldn't get it out of my head, and I had to do something just to pacify myself. People only do anything good because they're fidgeted into it, you know. Auracle explains that beautifully at the club about once a week. Very likely it was because it wasn't really good that I didn't get paid out worse for it.

What I did was this. I just walked round to her house and knocked at the door and asked to see her—though it was very late.

"Good-evening, Miss Pinnock," I said airily, "I know it's rather late to trouble you, but you dropped a sovereign to-day, I believe?"

"I thought I did," said she looking at me very queerly, "but—"

"I found it," I said briskly, "just by the counter. So I—"

The way she burst out sobbing and crying was something awful. I never heard anything like it.

"God bless you! God bless you!" she cried. "He will reward you for your kindness. He will, O I know He will!"

"Why," I said, "my dear madam, there is no kindness. I merely—"

"Proposed to give it to me," she said, drying her eyes. "I didn't drop it. The purse was an old one and the coin slipped out in my pocket. I found it there afterwards."

I never felt such a fool in my life! I made sure that she'd pitch into me for

my impudence, too, as soon as she recovered herself. But she didn't, so I backed out as quickly as I could.

She came round to see my mother next afternoon, and, somehow, they struck up a sort of friendship. No doubt Auracle is right, in a general way, that society makes the lady ; but my mother was an exception.

However, some aristocratic relations

I was honestly pleased to see the old lady again. But the awkward thing was that she was rather too pleased to see me. She was getting very old and a trifle childish, and she wished to give everyone a full description of the service which I had tried to render her. I explained to her over and over again that there was nothing to be grateful for, and that I didn't want my antecedents raked



"'I WAS ONLY A SHOP ASSISTANT'"

offered Miss Pinnock a home soon after this, and for some years I saw nothing of her. Meanwhile, the poor old mater died, and I came into Uncle Joe's money. I had almost forgotten Miss Pinnock when I met her again at Lord Scantleigh's. It's strange how things happen, when you come to think of it ! She had been kind to Lady Scantleigh when she was a girl, it seems ; and they treated her quite as one of the family. They were awfully nice people, you know.

up ; but she didn't seem able properly to understand. However, she promised not to say anything ; but I was always afraid she would forget, and it kept me on thorns. It didn't seem a nice thing, either, to be hushing-up one's past, and that made me feel uncomfortable too, you know. If it hadn't been for Lady Mary, I should have bolted.

The night of the match a lot of us were sitting round the fire without much gas-light, and Lady Scantleigh, who hated football because she was absurdly

nervous about Bob, began talking to us about our bruises. (He had rather a bad kick on the leg.) Gradually this led to an attack upon football as a brutal game—which is ridiculous!—and at last Lady Scantleigh got excited, and declared that anyone who played such a cruel sport must have a hard, unfeeling heart. Poor old Miss Pinnock seemed to take this as an attack upon my virtues, for she kept looking at me, and trembled with excitement. Suddenly she began an incoherent statement that I had done her the greatest and kindest of services, but that she couldn't tell them what it was. Everyone paused and looked at her in bewilderment. She went red and I went redder, and I vainly tried to drown her into silence.

"There is nothing in it to *his* discredit," the old lady asserted in her quavering voice. Whereupon some of them looked at her as if they suspected something wrong in her past. "Nothing whatever," she reiterated vehemently. Then they stared all the harder, and someone laughed; and I saw her look appealingly at me with the tears starting out of her eyes.

It's a lucky thing that circumstances—she-circumstances!—take the reins sometimes. There was only one thing that I could decently do. So I did it.

"Miss Pinnock is very grateful for a kindness—a very small kindness—which I offered her some years ago," I said, feeling as if I were in a big scrimmage. "What troubles her is that I did not wish the circumstances mentioned, because I was then in a much humbler position than now. I was, in fact, only a shop-assistant."

There was a dead silence for a few moments. The young fellows twiddled their moustaches, the girls toyed with their handkerchiefs, and one old dowager near me drew her skirts round her. Lady Mary sat like a statue looking into the fire. I couldn't see her face, only a little pink ear, and a tiny bit of pink cheek; and I knew it must have hurt her—God help me!

Lady Scantleigh half rose and looked towards me; then wavered and turned appealingly to her husband, burly old Scantleigh, as slow of speech as he was quick with his gun. He stretched himself a little, like a great Newfoundland, got up and walked slowly round to my side. "Pon my word," said he carelessly, "we're all getting half asleep. Come and make up a game of pool, dear old boy." I don't mind owning that I felt a bit queer when he put his big hand caressingly on my shoulder for a second. I had never understood his clever wife's deference to him before.

I was getting up, with a lump in my throat, to accompany him, when Lady Mary rose and came towards us with her face very pink and white. "May I play, too?" she said, gently; "I should like to." Then the conversation broke out again, and several of the fellows and girls went out of their way to speak to me. But somehow Lady Mary and I gave up playing after the first game, and went into the conservatory. Then I put a shawl round her, and we walked out upon the balcony.

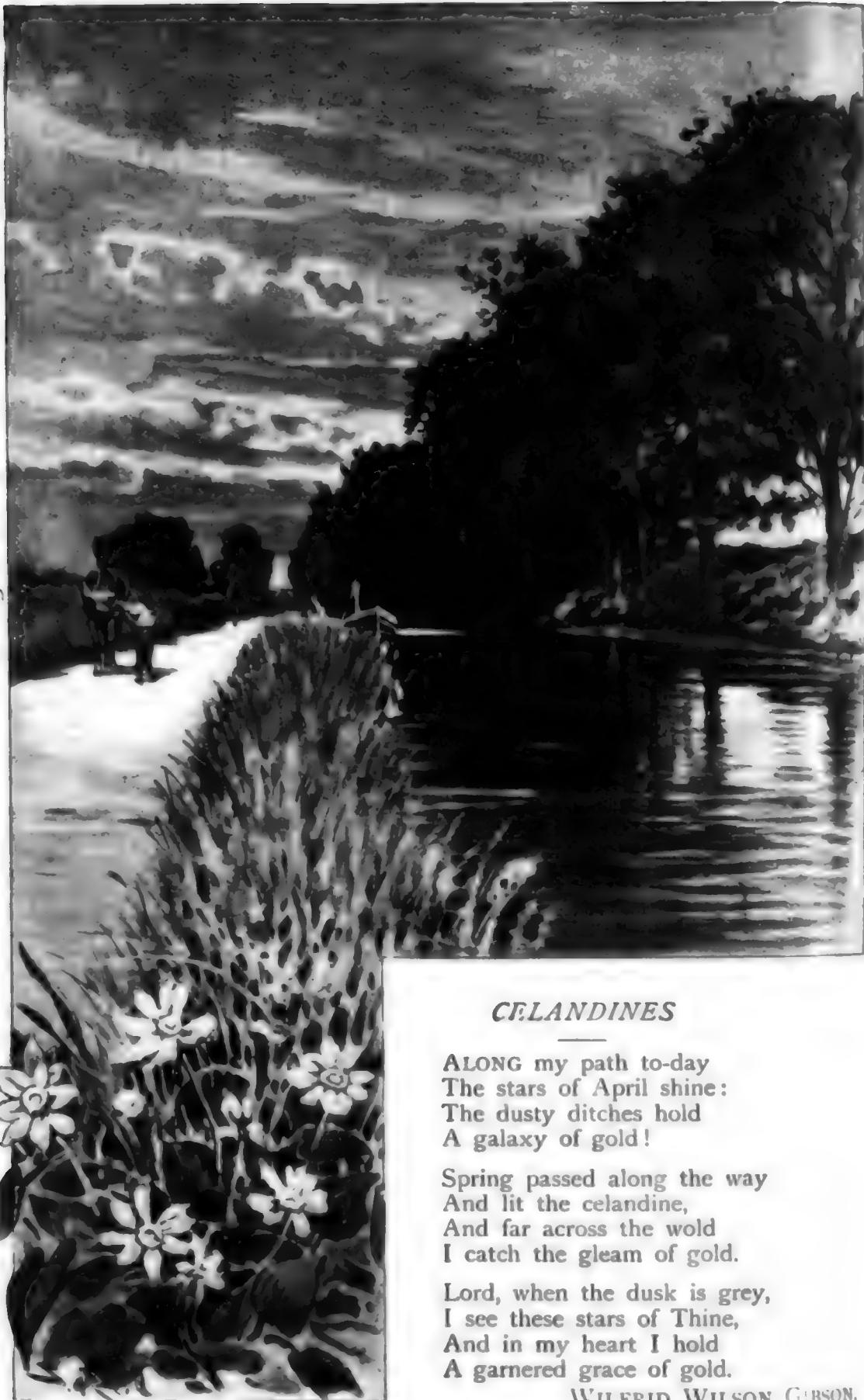
It was a starry night, and the conservatory behind us was spangled with reflections. She had on a soft white dress with a red flower in it. Her lips were a little parted and quivering, and her eyes were as deep as the sea. And I don't remember anything else.

"O!" said she, with a passionate break in her voice, "to think that I preached about ideals to *you*!"

"Lady Mary," said I, putting my hand upon her arm, "for Heaven's sake don't be so kind to me. You will make me forget that a few years ago my life was bound up in tapes and ribbons and yards of stuff—"

"Ah!" she cried, looking up at me with the tears in her eyes, "it was the stuff that men are made of!"

If there had been anything heroic about me, I should have given her a few days to think it over. But I didn't. I took her right in my arms, and . . . .



### *CELANDINES*

—  
ALONG my path to-day  
The stars of April shine:  
The dusty ditches hold  
A galaxy of gold!

Spring passed along the way  
And lit the celandine,  
And far across the wold  
I catch the gleam of gold.

Lord, when the dusk is grey,  
I see these stars of Thine,  
And in my heart I hold  
A garnered grace of gold.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.



WRITTEN BY FRANK HIRD. ILLUSTRATED BY D. MACPHERSON

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## V.—FURNITURE POLISHING

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"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,  
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart—  
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,  
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?  
Our blood splashes upwards, O our tyrants,  
And your purple shows your path;  
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence  
Than the strong man in his wrath!"

HE preponderance of Jews of every nationality in certain parts of the East End is so great that particular quarters have really become Ghettos. Jewish names appear over every shop-door; inscriptions in Yiddish

show where "kosher" meat may be bought; the women crowding the pavements for the most part have their shaven heads covered with light brown wigs, from beneath which a few strands of hair struggle hideously—the wigs proclaim that they are married—in short, these districts are a little world of Israels

where the Poles, Armenians, Russians, and Germans of the faith live and have their being amidst the babel of foreign tongues and in an environment of dirt indescribable. But however interesting from the point of view of the picturesque the presence of these strangers within our gates may be, their effect upon East End labour is truly lamentable.

It is well known that the foreign labourer or artizan, of whatever nationality, can live more cheaply than British workers of the same class. There are a hundred reasons why this should be so, but unfortunately the foreigner, and more particularly the foreign Jew, when driven from his own country either by persecution or by desire of betterment, brings

with him the capacity for supporting existence upon wages that represent starvation to an Englishman. Consequently whenever the refugee Jews settle in any force in the East End and prosecute one particular trade in any numbers, prices immediately fall, sinking lower and lower until the English worker is driven from the field to gain a hazardous livelihood by picking up the odd jobs of which London is the especial heaven. As a workman, the foreign Jew is to East London what the Chinaman is to San Francisco ; as an employer, it is he who is mainly responsible for the beggarly wages that are paid to box-makers and paper-dag makers, since, with very few exceptions, the middlemen for whom the women and children work in these two industries are Jews. But in no trade has the effect of this foreign competition been so marked as in furniture-polishing. In more than one locality the Polish Jews have entirely taken possession of this industry, even buying out their former employers, with the result that only the better class of work—which they do not undertake—now receives its former rate of payment.

The furniture-polishing of the East End is confined almost solely to the cheapest and commonest kinds of furniture, although there are several factories where the better kinds are prepared for furniture shops in more expensive quarters of the town, but as these places do not in any way affect children, they cannot come within the description of this industry.

The previous articles have dealt exclusively with those trades carried on in the home, and although the major part of the furniture-polishing done in the East End must of necessity be confined within the walls of workshops, these places very often also serve as the home of the polisher and his family. Before the Jewish competition, a polisher could on an average earn twenty-eight shillings a week, but the Polish, Russian and Armenian refugees were glad to accept half that sum for the same amount of labour, and consequently fourteen shillings a week, and even less, has become the usual week's earnings of

the native workman. In order to increase this pittance, many of the polishers, instead of going to big workshops where the work is done wholesale, have attached themselves to one or more of the smaller furniture shops, or to the carpenters who supply these establishments, preferring to run the risk of irregular employment rather than rely upon the fourteen shillings which would otherwise be their regular wage. As the polishing must be done in their own homes, they can only take the lesser articles—such as small chests of drawers, small tables, chairs, whatnots, brackets, &c.—all belonging to the very commonest class of furniture that is sold. These people are generally to be found upon the ground floor; and although the writer was told that some of them only occupy one room, in the several cases into which he inquired the home polishers were the tenants of two rooms, of which—with the exception of a single case—the one where the polishing took place had formerly been a kitchen, the stove being extremely useful for melting the shellac used in the work.

In all these trades one case of childish misery and hardship is so painfully similar to countless others that it seems as though the weary monotony of the grey streets, with their little two-storeyed houses, had crept into these pitiful lives, crushing out all brightness for the future and leaving its hideous trail of work, work, and yet again work, over the present and the past. And therefore one instance will serve to show how this Jewish invasion, with the resulting wholesale lowering of wages, has fallen with crushing and damning force upon the shoulders of the little ones.

A ground floor, consisting of two small rooms, of a four-roomed house, in a street, pestilential with decaying vegetables and all the refuse of its thrifless and dirty inhabitants, was occupied by a furniture - polisher and his family. Formerly the man had been a steady workman earning fairly good wages at his trade in a neighbouring factory, but the gradual reduction of price at length forced him to set up in business for himself, a large furniture shop giving him

irregular employment for a remuneration per piece no better than that given by his old factory. In the factory, however, he could make no use of his children; in his home he was master and beyond the reach of Acts of Parliament.

three children were all polishers, the school history of the eldest girl being repeated in the case of her brother and sister. The back room where the work was carried on was a noisome kitchen, the light of its one broken window being



"BEYOND THE REACH OF ACTS OF PARLIAMENT

Of this man's three children the eldest was a girl of fourteen, a stunted, sickly-looking little creature, who had "just left school" after months and months of half-time attendance, and an education that was practically a mockery; the other two were a boy of twelve and a younger girl of nearly eleven. Father, mother and

almost blocked out by a pile of small tables that stood before it. Chests of drawers, washhand-stands, chairs, all of the commonest wood and put together in the most slovenly and haphazard manner, were heaped pell-mell against the walls, leaving only a little space in the centre of the room close to the fire-

place on which an evil-smelling compound was simmering in an iron pot. Floor and ceiling, and the occasional pieces of wall that could be seen, were loathsomeley dirty, and above all the rank odours of badly-seasoned wood, of common varnish, and the foetid heat, the acrid smell of the worst kind of methylated spirit caught one by the throat and almost choked one. Yet the girl of fourteen slept in this atmosphere every night on a bundle of rags laid out upon the floor, the two younger children sharing their parent's bed in the other room, which was also permeated with the horrible smell.

When the writer visited this inferno of a workshop, the mother and eldest daughter were hard at work polishing a chest of drawers, the father being engaged upon a gimcrack whatnot that his rubbing nearly forced into pieces, whilst the two younger children were rubbing a deal table, the boy being responsible for the top, the girl for the legs. Before being polished, furniture, even of this description, must be well rubbed with sandpaper, and on either side beneath the table was a line of emery-particles like a train of gunpowder—the girl, it will be remembered, slept upon the floor, and must, therefore, have been breathing these particles into her lungs all night long. The hands of these five people were stained almost black. In negotiating a hard knot in the surface of the table the boy uttered a sharp cry and pulled off the pad with which he was rubbing. His fingers were those of a skeleton. The spirit and the perpetual friction of rubbing had so hardened both skin and flesh that they seemed one with the bone; and although he had caught the up-turned edge of the knot with some sharpness, there was so little flesh upon his poor fingers, and the skin was so tough, that he had not cut himself. But his pain was greater in consequence. None of the others stopped their work or seemed to take any notice of the accident, and after a little while he resumed his polishing, rubbing as softly as he could, his tears splashing down upon the wet varnish and making sad havoc of the part already finished. At last his

father swore at him and threatened "the strap"; then the sobs ceased and the child rubbed as hardly as before.

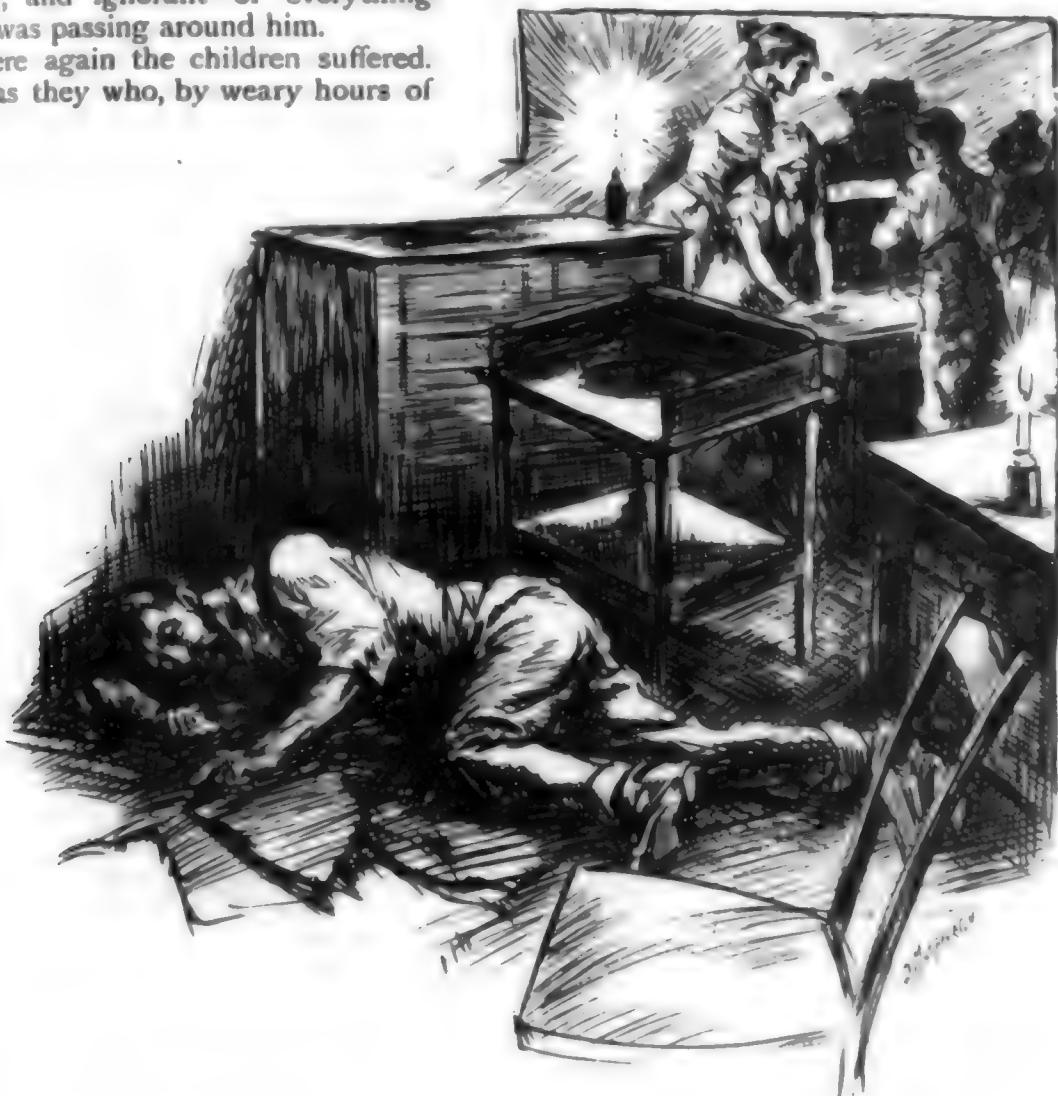
To the casual observer nothing could be worse than the condition of this family—the mother and girls rubbing hour after hour with stooping and aching backs, the small boy adding to the pain of his injured hand with every stroke, and the father morose and silent, working as diligently in his corner. But there was an added horror, a horror that had stamped itself upon the mother's lined and haggard face, and was reflected in the furtive and frightened glances with which the children occasionally looked at their father. He was a confirmed drinker of methylated spirits.

For a week, perhaps for a fortnight, he would resist the temptation, and then yielding, would drink the adulterated and evil-smelling stuff until he became delirious and insensible. Only a few days before the writer saw these people, the man had been attacked with a sudden craving in the middle of some important work that had to be done as speedily as possible. There was not very much methylated spirit in the room at the time, but what there was the wife was keeping in a tin carefully beside her, for there was only sufficient with which to finish the work in hand, and there was no money in the house to buy more. He asked her for the spirit, and knowing only too well by his manner that he wanted to drink it, the woman took the tin in her hand and implored him to remember the work. For answer he knocked her down, and, seizing the tin, drained it—a quantity sufficient to kill any ordinary person—and then, reeling to the wall, fell into a corner, where he lay senseless and abominable for hours. Women are accustomed to be knocked down in the East End, and the mother, speedily recovering, resumed her polishing with the children; but after a little while they wanted more spirit. They had neither money nor food, and the only prospect of getting either was by the completion of the order in hand. Almost everything had been pawned, but the only sheet from the girl's bed, a pair of the boy's boots, and the sole

petticoat of the mother, together with the much-mended and ragged dress of the younger girl, produced sufficient at the pawnshop to procure the required amount of spirit, and by working steadily until half an hour after midnight, the work was accomplished, the father—who was an excellent and quick workman—lying at their feet breathing stentorously, and ignorant of everything that was passing around him.

Here again the children suffered. It was they who, by weary hours of

splinters, with the debased father sleeping off the effects of his deadly dram beside them, cannot be imagined. To the reader it must seem a horrible romance; but it is so real that when the work was done, the mother and three children crept into the bed in the first room, too tired to remember that they had eaten



"METHYLATED SPIRIT"

polishing, completed their father's portion of the work in addition to their own, and it was at the expense of their nakedness that the necessary spirit was bought. A more pathetically tragic spectacle than these three little ones, foodless and exhausted, rubbing the stringent smelling liquid hour after hour into the coarse fibre of bad wood, from which even sand-paper does not wholly remove the

nothing since their so-called breakfast, too tired even to wash their filthy hands and faces. This story finds its counterpart in many such homes, save that the methylated spirit drinking is happily rare, but the public-house takes its place. It is always the children who suffer physically and mentally, and it is one of the most amazing facts of this terrible problem that so many of them grow to

manhood and womanhood, when, alas! they only repeat the history of their parents before them.

As far as the factories are concerned, girls of tender age are steadily taking the place of men. A girl is apprenticed at the age of fourteen immediately she leaves school, and at three factories whose books were seen by the writer, the weekly wages during a six years' apprenticeship were respectively three shillings rising to five shillings, four shillings and sixpence, and five shillings. At two of these establishments the wages paid after the apprenticeship had been served were nine shillings and ten shillings a week, in the third they "got what they could earn." Three to five shillings a week for the labour of little girls of fourteen years of age must leave a large margin of profit to the proprietors of these factories, especially as a certain number of the apprentices are practically experienced workwomen when they join, their knowledge having been gained in the bitter school of home. In the bigger factories, however, the girls are protected by the Factory Acts. It is the horrible dens chiefly belonging to foreign Jewish proprietors—although there are many English polishers who are every whit as culpable—where the sweating takes place.

Hidden away in noisome back-yards, sometimes only a crazy lean-to that lets in the rain and the snow, these "factories" undertake work at rates that the ordinary polisher must refuse, if he is to live, accomplishing it by the exploitation of the labour of boys and girls who for legal purposes are called their "apprentices." Occasionally the existence of such a place becomes known to the authorities and a police court case with a fine is the result, the proprietor starting again in a new neighbourhood. He affords a beggarly and body-destroying employment to the children of parents to whom every shilling is a question of moment, no matter at what cost it is obtained, and so long as their families bring them a few pence every week, the "factory" owner knows that he is safe as far as they are concerned. But hardened hands and stooping, aching backs and shoulders are the portion of the children, the fumes of methylated spirit their atmosphere, and ceaseless toil their future. It cannot be said too often that it is always the children who suffer; and year after year thousands of mute, unspoken tragedies are the tribute that the general cry for "cheapness" exacts from the little ones of certain classes of the dwellers in the East End.

### *RED FLOWERS*

O, BUT my love was beautiful—  
 Her eyes were the sun in Spring  
 That warmed the red flowers in my heart  
 To sudden blossoming.

Strange flowers, whose scent hung drowsily  
 About the robe of Youth,  
 Dulling my ears to Wisdom's voice,  
 Dimming the face of Truth

O, but my love was beautiful—  
 Her poison-flowers she spread  
 Within my heart; it cannot mourn,  
 They grow so tall and red.

WILLIAM MUDFORD.



# STUFF — AND NONSENSE

BY  
CLARENCE  
ROOK

ILLUSTRATED BY S. H. SINE

IT is sad that February is no longer the month of valentines. If you walk in the main streets during the early days of this month you will see no valentines at all. In the by-streets, where the newspaper-shops deal in halfpenny prints of which the very names will be unfamiliar to you, valentines will be displayed; but they will convey messages of hate rather than of love, which is a sad reflection; for the valentine of the sixties and the seventies provided an easy and delightful path for the tentative advance of man to maid, and not infrequently of maid to man. It gave dainty expression to a sentiment that was not quite sure of its object, and perhaps not quite sure of itself; and sentiment of that kind is seldom quite sure of itself to begin with, though it becomes later absurdly certain. And possibly it is this very tentativeness which has proved the ruin of the valentine; for in such questions the modern Court of Love—which is situated in the Strand—regards indecision as the cardinal sin. Would you think that the breach of promise case has caused the young man to turn aside from the valentine and buy a new pipe? He knows that if his new pipe does not suit him he is not compelled by law, under severe penalties, to smoke it, and that when he sends a valentine he is embarking on a far more serious enterprise.

\* \* \* \* \*

Do we not treat our young men rather

unfairly? In France, as in Germany, where betrothal is a solemn thing, entered upon with forethought and witnessed by the family, the breach of promise suit would be reasonable. For the Frenchman and the German know that they are not supposed to mention marriage until they see the door of the church or the *mairie* open in front of them. The Frenchman or the German who is betrothed is practically married. But to the young Englishman we say: "Young man, it is a very dreadful thing to make marriage a matter of business, and to tie up two young people together for life who have not learned to know their own minds. Do not be precipitate. You shall be engaged, or you shall walk out with your inamorata, according to your station in life; you shall dance with her more than three times in one evening, you shall take her up the river, you shall take her down the river to Rosherville, and keep your arm round her waist all the way. Only don't enter into a life-long contract without knowing what you are about. Regard your engagement as a period of probation, a season during which two hearts shall ascertain if they can synchronise and beat as one."

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, the young man takes us at our word. He dances with Her four or five times, or escorts Her to Rosherville. And he finds—of course in a minority of cases—that at the fourth dance Her stock of ideas gives out, or that a day at Rosherville rubs the polish off Her temper. Then, reflecting that in England the period of engagement is the period of probation, he packs up the

cigarette-case or the worked tobacco-pouch which She has given him and returns it with a courteous letter and his heart. And thereupon we, under legal advice, undeceive him. "Young man," we say, "we were only joking with you. When we incited you to put your arm round Her waist on the way to Rosherville, we were not asking you to sign an order for a sample, but for the whole consignment. We only pretend that love is a sentiment—just for fun. Really it is a matter of business; and as you belong to a nation of shopkeepers—" Well, the result is to be seen in the law reports. I wonder whether that is why the young man of 1898 would rather sign a promissory note than send a valentine.

• • • •

How is it that Frenchmen ever manage to write any poetry at all? To the English ear—though not to the English eye—most French words rhyme with most other French words, more or less; at least quite as well as "before ye" rhymes with "Loch Lomond," which forms the nearest approach to a rhyme in an exquisite Scotch song. But the French poets choose to dance in shackles. It is not enough for them that words should look like rhyming, or sound like rhyming; they must rhyme according to a hard-and-fast convention. In England we are much less particular. I found the other day in a delightful little volume of verses—a London comedy by Mr. Egan Mew—"gay" rhymed with "décolletée," and "hasardée" with "melody." That is all very well. But

as "hasardée" rhymes excellently with "décolletée," are we to conclude that "gay" rhymes with "melody"? Because it certainly does not. And here I begin to get muddled.

Really it is very difficult to determine what constitutes an English rhyme. It



THE DISTRACTED MUSICIAN

is not the look of the thing. So far as the eye is concerned "rabies" fits "babies" like a plaster; yet the cultured ear rebels against the union. We have become used to seeing "love" mated with "move," as well as with "above" and "dove"; of course "shove" is out of the question. No one has yet, I think, ventured on "alcove." Generally speaking it is not the eyes, but the ears that have

it. In a verse of the song which we sang so often last year occurs the couplet,

Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us

That, if you please, is a rhyme; though it doesn't look like one.

The English ear is not exacting. In a certain Kentish town some years ago there was floating — *per ora virum* — this stanza :

Chunkey Boys  
Had his choice  
For to be a watchman,  
Farmer Page  
Flew in a rage  
And kicked his old dark lantern.

And I never heard anyone complaining of any dissonance between "watchman" and "lantern." It is enough, in most cases, that the consonants should rhyme, as in the case of the gentleman who went to Gloucester in a shower of rain:

He stepped in a puddle  
Up to his middle.

At the very least the vowels should rhyme, as they do in the once famous song "Pop Goes the Weasel." You will remember that the rhyme to "weasel" is "eagle." However, we have the highest authority for the belief that genius may bring clashing words into harmony. Did not the late Laureate in the "Charge of the Light Brigade" rhyme "thundered" with "hundred?" I have heard the illiterate pronounce the latter word "hunderd." But Lord Tennyson, being a peer, should have known better. On the whole we must conclude that masters of rhyme are like masters of conscience. If you think a thing is wrong, it is wrong. If you think two

words rhyme, they *do* rhyme, and there's an end of it.

The copyright laws should certainly be extended to tunes. An interviewer, as I learn from a newspaper paragraph, recently went to see Verdi, and found him living at his country house in a



THE WHISTLING STREET BOY

single room. When the interviewer (who, of course, wanted some furniture to write about) expressed surprise at such scanty accommodation, Verdi threw open one door after another and disclosed not cupboards but whole rooms full of skeletons — grisly frameworks of dead tunes — in short, barrel-organs. The composer, finding himself haunted and

driven half mad by the ghosts of his former indiscretions, had been compelled to hire all the barrel-organs in the neighbourhood, and chain them fast, in order to have peace. Now surely this is not fair to a composer. Surely a man may be permitted to forget that once in early life he wrote *Il Trovatore!* Yet it would seem that a man who has once made a tune and published it has let loose a Fury which will torment him for all time. Would it not be kinder to allow the composer to keep his Fury on the string of a copyright?

This suggestion is made not only in the interests of the composer, but for my own sake. The oftener one hears a tune the less one likes it, until by constant repetition it becomes a torment. A good tune is a thing worth having and preserving, and it cannot be preserved if all the organ-grinders and errand-boys in the kingdom combine to murder it. As good almost kill a man as kill a good tune—better, if the man be an organ-grinder. Already many scores of beau-

tiful melodies have been rendered odious. Who can endure now to listen to the "Intermezzo" of Mascagni? If it were heard but once a quarter it would still be delightful. *Tannhäuser* has lately been discovered by the grinders who serenely grind; and now there are portions of *Tannhäuser* that I want never to hear again. There are even music-hall tunes which would be a lasting joy to me if I never heard them. But when every piano-organ plays them and every street-boy whistles them, I weary, and my joy in them is gone. Why should my delight in an artistic product be ruined by a careless *gamin*? Why should Wagner be made ridiculous by the mechanical musician from Leather Lane? Let the errand-boy who wants to whistle a tune in the street pay a penny royalty to the composer. It would teach him to appreciate his privileges. The organ-grinder should pay heavy damages for the injury he inflicts; then the grinders might cease, being few.



# *"In the Spring"*

By NORA HOPPER, AUTHOR OF "BALLADS IN PROSE" AND "UNDER QUICKEN BOUGHS"

ILLUSTRATED BY R. SAVAGE

All the world is turning golden, turning golden;  
Gold buttercups, gold moths upon the wing:  
Gold is shining through the eyelids that were holden  
Till the spring.

Now Ariel goes a singing by the olden  
Dark yews where flittermice were wont to cling  
All the world is turning golden, turning golden  
In the spring.



"HO is that singing,  
Emmy? It sounds  
like Ariel. And what  
are flittermice?"

The speaker was  
Maud Guillamore, about  
whose bizarre pictures  
London and Paris ran  
wild some ten or twelve  
years ago; and her com-  
panion was her former  
school-fellow, now wife  
of the popular rector of  
Bishop's Overy.

"It isn't Ariel," the rector's wife said,  
pressing her thin lips closer together.  
"It is my nephew. And surely you  
know what a flittermouse is, Maud."

"I am so steeped in ignorance,"  
laughed the artist, "that I didn't even  
know you had a nephew, Emmy."

"I haven't. He is nothing to me  
really; but my poor sister adopted him  
when he was almost a baby, and when  
she died I gave him a home, for her sake.  
His name is Deane—Alan Deane."

"O!" said Mrs. Guillamore, thought-  
fully. "How old is he, Emmy?"

"Sixteen, I believe."

"And he was Alice's legacy to you?"

"Yes. And a very troublesome charge  
sometimes, Maud; and the rector abets  
him in his wilfulness."

"How sad!" Mrs. Guillamore said,  
showing her dimples. "O, Emmy, what  
a little Eden Bower."

The two ladies had come to the

end of the rectory gardens now, and  
stood looking over a low gate upon a  
tiny dingle, literally carpeted with prim-  
roses and wild hyacinths, beyond which  
nest of amber and turquoise rose the  
soft irregular outline of a little hill, only  
half defined through a morning mist or  
delicate greyish-purple, like the bloom  
on a hothouse grape.

"O!" Maud Guillamore cried again,  
as she stood drinking in the beauty of  
the combe. "O, Emmy, you happy  
woman, to have all this at your very  
doors! And I daresay you don't come  
here very often, do you? And all this  
largesse of primroses is wasted."

"Alan would be here all day if he  
could," Mrs. Gresham said, raising her  
eyebrows. "Of course, I can see it is  
very pretty, Maud, and the violets are  
very plentiful here in their season."

"So I should think angels were, too."

"My dear Maud!"

"Do you consider that irreverent,  
Emmy? Let us say Pixies instead of  
angels, then. Do you suppose if I lay  
down to sleep there among the primroses  
the Pixies would come and steal me  
away?"

"My dear!" the rector's wife said  
again, with a puzzled glance. "Ah!  
here he comes."

"Ariel?" Maud said dreamily. "I  
have been expecting him every minute,  
Emmy."

She leaned a little further over the  
gate, looking at the lad who came slowly

up from the combe, burdened with a sheaf of wild blue hyacinths; Mrs. Gresham was looking at him too, but not with the interest that was apparent in Maud Guillamore's dark face.

"O!" the latter said, under her breath. "What a beautiful face! O, Emmy, how I should like to paint him!"



"HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO PAINT HIM!"

"Why not?" Mrs. Gresham said composedly. "Come here, Alan."

"Yes, Aunt Emmeline; I am coming," the boy said, turning his bright face towards the two ladies. "Look at my spoil"—lifting a few of the hyacinths and laying them gently against his cheek—"did you ever see anything more lovely?"

"No—never." It was Maud Guilla-

more who answered. Mrs. Gresham stood back looking on with a perplexed frown on her delicate, discontented face. "If it were to be always the bluebell season I would stay in Devonshire for ever."

"This is Mrs. Guillamore, Alan," Mrs. Gresham interposed here. "A very dear friend of mine, and of your mother's." Then she drew back a step and whispered into Maud Guillamore's ear. "I thought you knew—I thought I had told you that he was blind."

The artist turned a horrified face to her friend. "You never told me. Is it true? How cruel! O, how cruel!"

"My dear, he has never seen."

"And that is worse." There were tears in Maud Guillamore's brown eyes now, and tears in her voice as she leaned forward, and took the blind boy's hand in hers.

"You heard?" she said gently. "I was careless to speak so loud. Forgive me, my dear; and believe me that after all you are happier than we are. You cannot see anything terrible when you dream; as your aunt does, perhaps, as I often do."

"I never can remember my dreams," Alan Deane said, knitting his brows. "I try, but I never can, but sometimes I wake laughing."

"Ah!" the artist said, sighing, "sometimes I wake sobbing. But that is past by now: I haven't come to Devonshire to dream, but to work. I wonder if you would let me paint you, Alan."

"I shall be very glad, if Aunt Emmeline does not mind."

"Aunt Emmeline has no objection when your lessons are over," Mrs. Gresham said, rather sharply. "Only you must not spoil him, Maud; Alan is lazy enough already."

"Are you indeed?" Maud Guillamore said absently.

"Yes." Alan's face was very wistful as he spoke. "Sometimes when I am at work I smell the wet earth or the sea or the hyacinths down in the dingle, or else I feel the sunshine on my face, and it seems as if I must go out."

"Mrs. Guillamore will think you shamefully idle," Emmeline Gresham said, rather sternly. "But when he chooses, Maud, he can work very well: it is not always he feels the sunshine on his face."

"No," said the boy gently, "not always."

"It is not always May," quoted the artist, shrugging her shoulder. "I wish it were." Alan Deane laughed.

"But then you would never have any roses," he said; "and what would you painters and poets do then?"

"What would you do without them?" Maud Guillamore asked lightly, and the boy's sensitive face flushed.

"I don't know, Mrs. Guillamore."

"Alan has a fancy that flowers are like voices," Mrs. Gresham said, bruising a sprig of forced southernwood between her fingers. "What do you say my voice is like, Alan?"

Alan flushed again. "I think—there is a little rose that grows in clusters, soft and limp and white—I think Aunt Emmeline's voice is like that."

"So!" Mrs. Gresham said, smiling, "that sounds very pretty. Can you match this lady's voice with a rose too?"

"Yes," the boy said directly. "One of those roses whose scent is quite different to the rest. It is red—a very dark red, Uncle James says. I think he called it damask."

"James and Alan like that rose best of all; they are always stripping off its buds," Mrs. Gresham remarked, with a soft laugh. "I hope you feel flattered, Maud."

"I do, indeed. So flattered that I am running away. Yes, really, Emmy, I am going. The Pomeroy's dine at

seven and lunch at two, and it is half-past one now. Yes, dear; I do know the short cut to Pomeroy, and I will come and dine with you to-morrow if I can. Good-bye, Alan: leave a few bluebells for me——"

The next day and the next Alan Deane was up at the Place, sitting patiently hour after hour while Maud Guillamore drew in the first details of the picture that was to make her famous; and for many days after the bluebell season was over the boy came up to Pomeroy and posed patiently, with never a word of complaint for the artist's many whims.

"You are patience personified," Maud Guillamore said contritely one day when she had been unusually hard to please. "How I envy you your sweet humour, Alan! Is it inherited?"

"I don't know," the boy said rather wistfully, "I never knew my own people."

"Ah, I think your own people must have been the Good Neighbours, do you know? You have a fairy look about you at times, Caro. Perhaps you are a changeling?"

"Perhaps."

Maud Guillamore lifted her eyes from her canvas and studied the delicate spiritual face afresh; she knew every line of it by heart already, but to-day there was a new look about it: an added delicacy of outline, a graver beauty in the lines of the sensitive mouth, and about the eyes that for all their blindness were so bright.

"I think you must be of elfin kin," she said, adding a touch or two to the face she was painting.

"There runs in their veins the cold bright dew  
For blood that colours the cheeks of you.  
Is there dew in your veins instead of blood, Alan?"

"No, Mrs. Guillamore." The blood rose up in the delicate face to substantiate the denial, and Maud Guillamore laughed a little.

"Don't be too sure," she said. "I am a seventh child and I can read faces—and hands too. And I read, Caro, that you are not as we are."



"NO, I AM BLIND."

"No," Alan said gently and gravely, "I am blind."

"O, Caro *mio*," the artist cried impulsively; "do you think I meant *that*? You are not as we are because you can see things we cannot: not because you cannot see. Caro, did you never know you were a poet?"

"No," in a very low voice.

"You are. Some day, Caro, you will take the world by storm."

"Which world?" the boy said with a half-smile.

Maud Guillamore hurried her speech a little; she was afraid to answer that quiet question, perhaps.

"One is never a prophet in one's own country," she said, panting a little; "but I prophesy that people will rise up and call you blessed. I can see them coming round you. I can see your face, glad and sorry and half-shamed. I hope I may live to see your coronation day, my Ariel."

"I hope you will," Alan said quietly. "Is yours over, Mrs. Guillamore?"

"My coronation day?" Maud Guillamore stammered. "I—yes—I suppose so."

"And you are all the happier for your crown?"

Maud Guillamore started and flushed guiltily: was she any the happier for that wreath of orange-blossoms she had worn one May morning five years before? Was Arthur Guillamore? She looked back over the years of quarrelling and jarring that lay between her wedding-day and that day last year when she and her husband had finally resolved upon walking separate ways henceforward, and the flush burned deeper in her cheeks as she looked at the sorry picture she had wrought of her life.

"No," she said, at last. "I discrowned myself last year."

Did the boy understand or not? she wondered, as she went on painting steadily, though her eyes were dim with tears. The blind eyes were looking directly at her, and she thought they saw deeper into her nature than other eyes which were not blind.

"You are a little out of position," she said, forcing herself back into every-day life. "A little out—there, keep your head like that, and your arm just so. You are not tired? You are very pale, Caro."

"Please go on," Alan said, quietly, and Maud Guillamore complied. When next she laid down her brushes it was almost dark, and Alan's cramped limbs could scarcely sustain the required position for pain.

"You may go now," the artist said, in an altered tone. "I can paint no more to-day, and to-morrow I am going into Exeter. Come up on Thursday morning, Alan. You have been patient itself to day. Good-night, Caro."

She gave him her hand in careless friendliness, and in the friendly twilight did not see the new strange trouble in her model's face.

Another day she was talking of his future again, and as she posed him and stood critically gazing at him he took her hand, paint-stained as it was, and kissed it.

"O, be careful!" she said with a little laugh. "There is paint on my fingers, and I might have poisoned you, Alan."

"O," the boy said hurriedly, "what would it have mattered, Mrs. Guillamore?"

"I should have lost a beautiful model."

"Yes," he assented, "I forgot that."

"Why are you never cross, Alan? Never mind; some day you will grow cross and proud and reserved, and you'll quite forget the poor people who knew you before your wings grew? No, don't protest—children always forget, you know, and why should you be an exception to the rule?" She was cruel, and she knew it, but her sex is cruel by nature, and the woman was pleased to know how deeply a word from her could hurt the sensitive nature nobody had troubled to probe before, and the artist liked to see the flush coming and going on the fair face, the quickly-repressed quivering of the delicately-moulded lips, the sudden clenching of the slender brown hands. "You don't like to be called a child?" she said in a reproachful tone. "But you are a child to me, you see—and you are so young and innocent. You don't believe there is any sin in the world—eh!"

"There must be a great deal," Alan said, "but it can't be hopeless, can it, Mrs. Guillamore?"

"I don't know. I have met hopeless people, but they were happy enough and cultivated gigantic appetites. You never came across gluttons and agnostics in Elfinland, did you?"

"I haven't left Elfinland yet, but I must be getting very near the gates," Alan said rather sadly. "When will you open them and drive me out, Mrs. Guillamore?"

"I?" said the artist innocently. "What have I to do with it? A great deal?

Simple lad! Well, well, I won't drive you out just yet. Perhaps you may always stay there—who knows?"

"That's impossible."

"Is it?" Maud Guillamore painted on assiduously. "Well, we shall see.

more listened and grew alarmed and penitent for the wrong she had done the singer, and presently broke down into violent sobbing. He did not attempt to comfort her—perhaps he intuitively guessed the reason for her tears, but he went on with his song, and when it ceased Maud was composed again.

"My David," she said, "you have sung away my wickedness. It will come back again, of course, but, meanwhile, I am good. I must get to work again: you are not tired, are you? Not in the least? You dear unselfish creature! They teach good lessons in Elfinland—where you come from. If I had ever lived there I might have—No, one forgets all that. Some day you will forget all about the place where you learned to sing your songs."

"No," said Alan hurriedly, "one never forgets, Mrs. Guillamore."

Maud stopped painting to look at him.

"What a child you are, after all," she said. "How old are you, Alan?"

"Nearly seventeen."

"I was married when I was seventeen—twenty years ago now. I wish I had died at seventeen . . . What fools women are to marry for love!"

"You married for love and now your husband is dead?"

"Dead to me," Maud answered. "I am a free woman—a successful woman—

#### "COME BACK TO ME FROM ELFINLAND"

O, I'm tired. . . . Sing to me for a little, will you, Alan? Presently I will go on working, but just now I've a fancy to hear you sing of Young Iamlane—did you ever meet him in Elfinland?" So Alan sung of Young Iamlane and Janet in his clear, sweet voice, carefully trained by the musical vicar, and Maud Guilla-



and a most unhappy woman with it all, Alan."

"I wish I could help you to happiness," Alan said suddenly, "but I can do nothing."

"Yes, you can. Take that tragic look off your face and look eager and happy again—a touch of tragedy would spoil this picture, and I mean it to be a great success."

A day or two later Mrs. Guillamore went back to London. She said good-bye to the vicar and his wife in the old-fashioned garden, but made Alan come down to the dingle with her.

"I want to say good-bye to you among your native flowers," she said. "I have a fancy to-day that you are a changeling, and will be carried back to Elfinland before we meet again." She bent, laughing, and kissed him on the lips. "There, Changeling, by virtue of that you must come back to me from the Elfinland, and give me back my kiss. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes. . . . Good-bye."

\* \* \* \*

Spring-time again; but it is the year of grace eighteen hundred and eighty-six. Mrs. Gresham stands at her front gate looking anxious and unhappy, while the doctor's young wife chatters on.

"Yes, the picture's an enormous success, and everybody's talking about her, but I didn't think her so handsome, did you? And her husband came here on his way from Crewe last night. They don't agree, I believe, and I dare-say it's all Mrs. Guillamore's fault. She looked a bit of a vixen, eh? Mercy on me, what a start you gave me, Alan; I thought you were indoors: and, indeed, you look ill enough to be in bed."

"I'm well enough, thanks," Alan answers, beginning to cough, a soft exhausted cough that brings a look of pity in Mrs. Mortlock's hard grey eyes.

"Go back into the house," she says, "this wind is bitterly cold."

"One expects wind in March," Alan returns, smiling, "and daffodils. Did I hear you say Mrs. Guillamore was

coming to Pomeroy? Well, Aunt Mary?"

"Yes, she comes to-morrow," his aunt says uncomfortably. "Where are you going, Alan?"

"Only into the village," Alan answers hurriedly. "I shall not be long, Aunt Mary."

"Why don't you stop him?" Mrs. Mortlock asks, as the slender, boyish figure goes with rapid steps down the sloping chalky road. "It's sheer madness to let him go out in the teeth of this wind—and looking as he does."

"I have no authority over him," Mrs. Gresham says sadly. "Now that your husband says the boy has inherited his father's disease, how can I control him? He would tell Alice I had been unkind to him."

"I declare Mary Gresham's love for her sister is getting a perfect mania," Emily Mortlock says to herself as she walks rapidly away. The vicar's wife stands still at the gate, lost in thought, lost in tender memories of that sweet dead sister who was the only mother Alan Deane ever knew. "I tried to love him," she says aloud at last. "I did, indeed, Alice, but I hardly knew how: I had no children of my own. O, Alice, never believe that I was unkind to him, dear!"

"Mrs. Gresham," says an agitated voice, "I think you must be Mrs. Gresham." The vicar's wife looks up with a start: the gentleman who has accosted her—a well set-up good-looking man of forty odd—comes a step nearer. "Your nephew has just been run over—my horses started—I can't express my sorrow—they are bringing him slowly in the carriage," he says incoherently. "Pray forgive me for breaking it so badly to you, and—"

"Is he dead?"

"No, no—thank God!"

"Thank God!"

If Mrs. Gresham has been an indifferent aunt she proves herself an admirable nurse. While Dr. Mortlock examines the extent of the lad's injuries she indulges in a few quiet tears, but is quite calm when the examination is over and accompanies the doctor downstairs

into the vicar's study where the stranger sits. He rises and comes forward with an anxious look in his pleasant brown eyes.

"Have you good news, Doctor?"

"The lad's dying," James Mortlock says curtly. "O, Mrs. Gresham knows it as well as I do, Mr. ——"

"Major Guillamore."

face, and though one arm is bound up in splints, the right hand is uninjured and rests on the head of the boar-hound crouched beside the low iron bed. Dan growls and shows his great white teeth as the stranger comes in.

"Here is Major Guillamore," says Mrs. Gresham. A faint flush and a quiver as of pain crosses Alan's face.



"Major Guillamore. I doubt if he lives till to-morrow. Will you go up to him, Major? He has been asking for you."

So, preceded by Mrs. Gresham, Major Ayrton Guillamore goes upstairs with a nervous flush on his bronzed face, and is ushered into the room where Alan Deane lies dying. There is nothing to shock him here, however: the trampling iron hoofs have spared the fair delicate

"Thank you for coming, Major Guillamore," he says rather feebly. "Don't stay, Aunt Mary—go and get your dinner and tell the Vicar I am not quite killed yet."

Mrs. Gresham goes away without a word: Ayrton Guillamore stands by the bed, looking down at the pale, upturned face, mentally cursing himself for his careless driving. Presently Alan speaks:

"You are to promise me two things, Major Guillamore."

"What are they, my boy? Anything I can do—" the Major begins hurriedly.

"First, you are not to blame yourself for this. Yes, I know you do, now, but afterwards you must remember that I said it was my fault. I know the road so well—but somehow I didn't hear the horses, and I couldn't see them—I am blind, you know, and—and—"

"Don't talk: I promise anything," Ayrton Guillamore breaks in hastily as Alan pauses, gasping for breath. "Let me call Mrs. Gresham."

"No—no. It is only my bruised side," Alan says with a faint smile. "You've seen worse things than that while you were on active service, I dare-say. Next, I want you to stay here at the Vicarage till to-morrow night. That isn't long, is it? I don't ask you to stay longer, because I don't think—I don't feel as if I should live over to-morrow night. Will you promise, Major Guillamore?"

"I promise," answers Ayrton Guillamore huskily.

And now to-morrow is here, and with it Death has crossed the threshold of the Vicarage, and in the small sunlit bedroom, looking westward, Ayrton Guillamore sits with his arm round the dying boy, while the Vicar, kneeling at the other side of the bed, murmurs almost inaudible prayers, and his wife standing beside him sobs quietly. So overcome is she that she does not hear

the soft opening and shutting of the door, does not hear, either, the frou-frou of Maud Guillamore's dress as she crosses the room. But the Major both hears and sees, and the start he gives tells the dying lad the name of the late arrival, if he needs to be told.

"So you have come," he says, a rush of colour coming into his face. "Come here—come close and take back the kiss you gave me." Maud Guillamore, trembling and pale, stoops and kisses him on the lips. "Do you owe me something?" Alan says in a whisper that only she can hear.

"Yes, God forgive me!"

"Then give the kiss I gave you back to—*him*." There is a momentary pause, then Maud Guillamore turns to her husband and kisses him with eager, trembling lips.

"Lay me down," Alan says quickly; "thank you, Major—"

Maud bends over him anxiously. "What is it, dear boy? O, Alan, speak to us again."

"Don't let *him* know," Alan whispers with a last effort to please the woman who has spoiled his life for him. "Maud—"

The hand that Major Guillamore is holding grows suddenly cold and lax, and now Alan is deaf as well as blind to Maud Guillamore's sobs and tears, and well on his way back to that country, call it Avilion or call it Paradise, where the "lost Aprils are, and the lost Mays."



# "Some of My Experiences"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

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**I**T occurred to the Editor of *The Ludgate* the other day that journalists must needs have interesting and out-of-the-way stories to tell of their experiences in the exercise of their profession. He promptly questioned



MR. LINCOLN SPRINGFIELD ("DAILY MAIL")  
Photo by Alfred Ellis

some of them, and here are the answers. First let Mr. Lincoln Springfield of the *Daily Mail* speak, for, with the promptitude of the good journalist, he sent in his "copy" by return of post.

"Why don't some of you go out and get a murder done?" was a favourite remark of Mr. Cust's when, during his editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, news was momentarily scarce.

He doesn't know to this day how near his flippant suggestion came to fulfilment in his own office, while he was smoking his cigarette a few yards off, one November afternoon.

I am away from the *Pall Mall Gazette* now, and from my fastness of the *Daily Mail* office I venture at length to confess how, out of a weak regard for the ethical code of an effete civilisation, I robbed the *Pall Mall* of a great "exclusive"; a dramatic murder on their own premises in the Charing Cross Road; a home-made sensation.

As a member of Mr. Cust's staff, I was

personally "covering" the developments of the famous Ardlemont Mystery. One man was in custody awaiting his trial on the charge of murder; a second, Mr. V— (the parties are still living, so I leave this record anonymous), was, although his name was never published, temporarily under suspicion. That being the case, I had cultivated the acquaintance of Mr. V—, and he had on several occasions called at the *P.M.G.* office to make certain statements to me from his point of view.

A friendly New Scotland Yard inspector had also introduced me to one Mr. K—, who had given strange information, which, if credited, would have put the rope round the neck of Mr. V—. I had, therefore, taken K— round to the offices of the *P.M.G.* in order to receive his full statement, and to sift it by cross-examination.

He told a strong and stirring story; but it was apparent that every word of it was steeped in the bitterest malice against V—. I pointed out to K— that he appeared to possess a vigorous dislike to V—.

"I do, indeed," replied K—. "I was his partner three years ago, and he swindled me out of every farthing I had in the world. I have never got on my legs again since, and I am a ruined man, living with only one object—to have my revenge. He has dodged me up till the present, but one day he and I will stand face to face, and then, God have mercy on his soul!"

Saying which, K— dipped his hand into his overcoat pocket, tore it out again with a swift gesture, and banged on the table between us a heavy revolver.

At that instant, in walked a messenger-boy, who placed on my blotting-pad a card. It was the card of V—.

"Show the gentleman into another room," I told the lad.

Now here I had a very pretty situation in my own hands. As a unit of the public I am proud to think I had sufficient sense of moral responsibility to keep these two men apart. But as a pressman I am ashamed to remember that I had not sufficient journalistic enterprise to secure that exciting story which was bound to result from bringing the two men together.

Mr. Edwin Sharpe Grew, of the *Graphic* and *Daily Graphic*, writes as follows :

The oddest experience even of a journalist is usually reserved for himself or a few friends ; but one of the most entertaining of mine took place a few years ago in the Tower of London, and in that part of it where the Crown Jewels are preserved. Except on account of their history and associations the Crown Jewels are by no means so valuable as most people believe them to be ; but ever since the lamented Colonel Blood made an attempt to steal them two centuries ago, very elaborate precautions have been taken to guard them. The most practical of these precautions is perhaps that of keeping the most costly of the gems at the Queen's bankers, whence they are removed, if any occasion calls for them, in a four-wheeled cab. The official precaution, however, takes the form of the appointment of some distinguished officer as Keeper of the Regalia. This officer lives, for part of the year at any rate, in the Tower, and it is part of his duties to lock the doors upon the jewels in the



MR. E. SHARPE GREW ("DAILY GRAPHIC")

Photo by H. C. Shelley

evening and unlock them in the morning. The then Keeper of the Regalia had just been explaining these duties to me, and by way of convincing me of the absolute security of the jewels, proceeded to detail other measures of precaution for their safety against fire and thieves.

"In addition," he pointed out, "there is always a Warder of the Tower on guard in this room where the jewels are, and he and I alone have keys of the iron cage wherein the jewels are enclosed. On that wall also you will perceive a bell-pull and a speaking-tube. The speaking-tube communicates with another

warder always on duty in the Square. If the warder here rings the bell once, he alarms the other warder on duty, who in his turn alarms the guard, unless the Regalia warder number one communicates with him through the speaking-tube. If warder number one rings the bell twice it alarms the whole of the Tower ! Brecon," continued the Keeper of the Regalia, raising his voice and addressing the old warder on duty, "just come here and tell us what your duties are in case of an alarm."

"It's all right, Sir Geoffrey," said Brecon, with the familiarity of an old soldier ; "I know my duties, Sir Geoffrey."

"Yes, yes," returned Sir Geoffrey, impatiently, "but I want you to tell this gentleman what they are."

Brecon gabbled through them.

"And now," said Sir Geoffrey, "just ring the bell once to show us how the precautions are taken."

Brecon evidently thought this a very unnecessary proceeding, but he complied. Nothing happened.

Sir Geoffrey looked very annoyed. "What's the meaning of this, Brecon ?" asked he. "Ring it again ! Blow down the tube !"

Brecon did so. There was no answer.

"Really, really," said the Keeper of the Regalia, "I never heard anything so—what does this—"

"He might have gone for his lunch, Sir Geoffrey," remarked the warder apologetically.

"Ring the bell twice," exploded Sir Geoffrey. "I'll have the whole Tower alarmed !"

Brecon pealed the alarm bell twice. A dead silence followed. It lasted several minutes. The warder broke it at last—painfully :

"I tell you what, Sir Geoffrey," said he, "I'll just step downstairs and see what they are doing."

"You'd better," observed Sir Geoffrey, briefly. "I'll see into this !"

As I have every reason to believe that he did.

Mr. T. S. C. Crowther, of the same journal, writes :

After a day searching the dangerous seas lying between Brest and Ushant—after attending the simple and beautiful interment of those washed up on the lighthouse island—and eventually discovering the body of poor Reed (whose brother was one of our party) lying in a Breton fishing-boat below the rough stone pier at Moléne, we had had our fill of "harrowed feelings" for the time being. Night

set in ere we left the latter place, towing behind our steamer the smack with a tricolour at half mast. To pick one's way through waters studded with snags just showing their black decayed teeth in the dark, put the final touches on even the strongest nervous systems in our



MR. T. S. C. CROWTHER ("DAILY GRAPHIC")  
Photo by J. A. Willan

little band, and on arrival at Le Conquet on the mainland—for it was impossible to reach Brest that night—we endeavoured to forget all we could of the sorry day we had gone through, and tried to attain a less morbid frame of mind. All had been done that sympathy and thoughtfulness could do.

The first consideration was a "wash." Le Conquet must have suffered from a water famine for hours after that wash, for we were travel-stained, to say the least of it, and my hands were black with cutting lead pencils all day.

When these necessary ablutions were concluded we groped our way across a dirty stable-yard to the dining-room, but had first to push through a crowded assembly of mayors, deputies and other local functionaries, all only too anxious to oblige and sympathise. Four of our members were missing by this time. It subsequently transpired that two were Brest newspaper men, who knew the village and had gone in search of a carriage to convey them home to the waiting telegraph wires. They found an ancient barouche. The others—English journalists—had dogged them, and begged, prayed, and beseeched for seats, but all to no purpose. There was a decided coolness at the supper-table afterwards.

We were a painfully reserved set of guests at that table. It was surely the saddest supper the Currie Line have ever given. Laughter was checked, for we had those within hearing

who had found their dead. There was a droll side, all the same, for after the hors d'oeuvres came some cross-bred crustaceans, which resembled a Leigh cockle, a winkle, and a snail combined—only the shells were green! The French journalists, not content with one course of these awful shellfish, ate them with relish all through the meal, as though they were olives. Then came soup and immense lobsters, of a size I had never seen before. The tails were cut into huge chunks, and we were all so famished that no thought of dreams troubled our consciences, and, in fact, no one slept the worse as far as I am aware.

Then hot and cold meats and strawberries for dessert concluded the first decent meal we had taken since leaving London three days before.

Travelling had tired us completely, and the moment supper was finished we sought our beds. The small hotel was crowded, and I had to share a room, reached through the stable-yard, with one of the officials of the company. There were two beds, no carpet, and a smell of damp hay. One bed was of the sort that, set down in the wilds of Africa and discovered by a traveller, the said traveller would say: "I know that bed—it comes from France." The other was a "shakedown." We tossed for the French magnificence, and I lost. Currie put his hand on my couch, and whistled softly.

"Can you swim, old chap?"

"No. What on earth do—" 1

"I mean to say, have you got any woollen garments?"

"No" again. For all the luggage I had I "stood up in."

"My dear chap, those sheets on your bed must have been washed only an hour ago. They're as damp as water can make them."

Fortunately, he had plenty of woollen things, and fitted me up. Rheumatic fever has not yet set in, and possibly I owe my life to the careful man who travels always with a well-filled trunk.

Two days after I was in London with my sketches, and had the consolation of knowing that, by leaving town in a hurry, without a scrap of luggage, I was the only draughtsman at the *Drummond Castle* funerals.

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Mr. T. Marlowe, of the *Evening News*, writes:

In ten years of newspaper work a man's senses become dulled by adventure. "The labour we delight in physics pain," and, as the susceptibility to pain is lessened so is the capacity for enjoyment. You have interviewed

this great man, and that one who thinks he is greater; you have been the bored recipient of numberless confidences the publication of which would spell damages—the word of fear!—and you have found every hole stopped—all but one little one (there is always a leak somewhere)—when you have wanted to get information that it was really to the public interest to publish: you have described this splendid spectacle and that pyramidal pageant; you have ridden on the footplate of an engine because there was no other way; you have had to put up your hands and "down" your man because he stupidly mistook you for a detective and wanted to wipe his great boots on you; you have sat for days in the Divorce Court until you have wondered what a man can see in a woman; you have gone out o' mornings to do things that you knew very well were impossible, and you have gone to bed at night blessing your luck in having found that you were mistaken. In this way the daily procession of incidents, any one of which might supply the unsophisticated with gossip for a month, becomes a wearisome routine. The



MR. T. MARLOWE ("EVENING NEWS")  
Photo by Francis and Co.

mind loses elasticity, events pall and memory fades, so that when you are asked to relate an "experience" it takes you some little time to realise that your life is at all different from that of anyone else—though they do tell a story of a reporter who whispered "Press!" when he was asked if he were "saved."

I said "blessing your luck." When you are told that persistence, ingenuity and speed are the qualities that make a good evening paper man, you need not disbelieve it. But you may be certain that the most important attribute of all has been left unmentioned. Luck—the luck that comes to a man when he is bending

his mind to a thing and helps him to do it—luck is the pick of the basket. That is the moral of the incident hereinunder related.

Colonel — was found dead at his house in Kensington with a smoking pistol in his hand, five minutes after he had received a letter by the hand of a woman, who immediately departed. The woman was not produced at the inquest, and the letter had been destroyed before the police were called. "Suicide during temporary insanity" was the jury's verdict, but the affair puzzled all London. It puzzled nobody more than me, for I had made myself familiar with every circumstance of it. Four nights after the suicide, on the top of a bus, I asked an old man for a match. He showed a disposition to become chatty, and even discursive. Among other things that he touched upon was the suicide of a lady in Chelsea, at a house a few doors from his own, and he expressed surprise that no report of the occurrence had been published. Plain suicide is, unfortunately, common enough, but I encouraged the old gentleman to go into details, and was startled by discovering that the lady, who bore the name of a family which has possessions in England and Ireland, had shot herself within an hour before the death of Colonel —, after sending her charwoman out with a letter to an address unknown. *I knew the address.* I bundled my old man into a cab and drove with him to Chelsea. When midnight struck I was sitting beside the charwoman's bedside, interviewing her, while her husband sat by the fireplace, grumbling at having been disturbed. The two tragedies, as I had guessed, were one: both victims had sought death rather than face the exposure that Colonel —'s wife had threatened.

I know many other stories that have the same point. One in particular that strongly supports the theory of luck happened during the hunt for the murderer of Miss Camp, who was killed on the South-Western Railway last February. I hailed a cabman at midnight, and told him to drive to a place two miles away. I wanted to find there a cabman named Ben Purdon. When the cab stopped in due course at the spot indicated, it turned out that Ben Purdon was the man on the dicky!

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Mr. John Jenkins, of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, writes:

Although during my thirty years' connection with the provincial Press of Scotland and England no event of outstanding importance has occurred, several matters in which I have

taken a more or less active part remain vividly impressed upon my memory. To recall one or two of these may be interesting. Among the criminal trials with which I have been professionally associated, the notorious Maybrick poisoning case, dealt with at the Liverpool



MR. J. JENKINS ("LIVERPOOL DAILY POST")  
Photo by Medrington

Assizes in the summer of 1889, stands out prominently. After hearing the evidence adduced at every stage of the proceedings—inquest, police-court, and Assizes—I felt convinced that the jury acted rightly in finding Mrs. Maybrick guilty. And, singular to say, this was the opinion of almost every newspaper man who had followed the proceedings. As the case went on day after day at the Assizes, I remember how the face of the wretched woman showed her keen mental suffering; and when the trial closed she looked as if ten years had been added to her life. I consider the reporting of this case, to the extent of eighteen to twenty-five columns daily, by the ordinary staff, a feat of which any provincial newspaper may be proud—and this, too, while the routine engagements were fully attended to.

Another sensational case in which I was engaged was the unravelling of the Deeming murders at Rainhill, near Liverpool, in the spring of 1892. When the police found the bodies of the victims underneath the cemented floor of the house which had been occupied by Deeming and his family, I well remember the feeling of horror which tried the nerves of everyone present, even the policemen giving way to it. Perhaps the most dramatic incident connected with the crime was when, at the inquest on the bodies, a relative of the callous murderer declared, in an outburst of anguish which would not be repressed, that he had dreamt some time before the discovery that the

wife and children had been murdered, but he hoped it was only a dream. And the knowledge of its reality shook him with convulsive sobs.

I remember an awkward incident occurring during one of the annual addresses of Mr. (now Sir) M. E. Grant-Duff to his constituents when he held a Northern seat in Parliament. Mr. Grant-Duff's addresses were always carefully prepared, and so well committed to memory that he delivered them almost absolutely as written, and with scarcely any reference to his notes. On the occasion to which I allude, however, during one of the speaker's most eloquent passages, a person at the back of the hall shouted out in a voice like an earthquake, "What about the hares, Grant-Duff?" recalling a free distribution of hares made by the father of the present Duke of Fife to a number of Mr. Grant-Duff's chief supporters when he contested the seat in the days of open voting. The interruption threw Mr. Grant-Duff completely off his train of thought, and after several ineffectual attempts to proceed he stopped entirely. An embarrassing pause ensued before he succeeded in picking up the dropped sentence. Evidently the suggestion of the interrupter awoke memories of the past in the mind of the speaker.

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From Mr. W. Maxwell, chief of the Glasgow staff of the *Scotsman*, comes the following :

I was sitting cosily by the fireside one evening, when my wife, who sat opposite me, suddenly exclaimed: "Tell me something!" The exclamation was uttered in the idle way of a woman longing to have her thoughts taken from the common round of household duties.

I pulled from my pocket a frayed telegram, and read it to myself. Then I began: "Once upon a time—"

"The sequence of words is not wholly original," she interjected.

"Well, early one Saturday afternoon," I began again, "a telegram was hurriedly handed into the Glasgow office of the *Scotsman*, and it bore these words: 'Terrible explosion at Udston Colliery, Hamilton. Many lives lost.' I had every reason to believe this short, ominous intimation meant that another of those violent holocaustic blasts which periodically scourge mining communities had taken place; and within a couple of hours I was at Udston. No rescue work could be done that day, and the following night I drove from Glasgow back to the colliery."

"It was a dark, black night, and for fully an hour we whisked through the cold air at an uncanny rate. Then sharply the vehicle was drawn up, and the driver, without alighting, called out: 'We are here, sir.' Midnight had almost come, but the stillness of the hour was broken by the creaking of the pit-head gear, and the surrounding gloom was dispelled by a circlet of glowing braziers, the light from which formed, as it were, an aureole of fire round the temporary grave of the entombed miners. Mothers and wives and children were huddled together at the pit-mouth beside the flaming coals; and toil-worn fathers and husbands, kind of heart but unversed in the language of sympathy, gave them the support of their presence. In answer to a solitary question—it was no time for much speech—the reply came: 'The bodies will soon be brought up.' This, of course, pointed to work for all who were present representing daily newspapers. It also meant labour for a staff of grim-looking undertaking men.

"Near the winding pit-head machinery an out-house was prepared for the reception of the



MR. W. MAXWELL (CHIEF OF THE "SCOTSMAN"  
GLASGOW STAFF)  
Photo by Annes and Sons

dead, and the first glance into that charnel-house was a sickening sight. A fire burned on the cemented floor at one end, and the reflection cast into relief piles of coffins—plain, black deal-board boxes—ranged round the remaining three sides. There were four newspaper men present, and as we moved towards the fire one of them drew from his pocket a large-sized flask. Four gentle gurgling sounds followed, and an empty vessel was returned to its owner. It was like a transition from heaven to hell to turn from the warmth of the fire to the array of coffins, and to listen at the same moment to the wailing of women

and the moaning of men outside. 'The bodies are coming,' was the only coherent sentence heard ere the undertakers were at work. Through the still 'silent watches of the night' a succession of corpses—incinerated, disembowelled, mutilated corpses—were raised to the surface, stretched on a chilly bier, shrouded in rough raiment, and confined with unseemly if necessary rapidity. Seventy-three men, on whom Death's black, ruthless finger had been laid, passed before my eyes, and on this side the grave I never expect to spend a more ghastly or a more gruesome night. It was the first time I had had to use coffins with dead men in them as a desk for turning out copy to gratify the morbid craving of a morbid public, and I trust it will be the last time."

Angus Evan Abbott, who has been a journalist in more continents than one, writes:

There were two of us bound for Blacksod Bay on the Mayo coast, each to board a battleship and witness the Naval Manoeuvres for 1897. We left London at ten o'clock on Monday night, left Dublin next morning, and drifting across Ireland in what the witty natives call an "express," reached Ballina about five o'clock. Ballina is the nearest railway station to Belmullet, a drive of something like forty miles. We did this drive in dismal weather—wet, cold and blustering nights they have among the Mayo mountains. On Wednesday morning we prepared to board the ships. Now, I am one of the submerged tenth. I cannot shave myself, and two days' growth, when one has nothing to do but travel and grow bristles, is not a pretty thing to take aboard a battleship. Belmullet had no hairdresser, but there was a legend to the effect that an old man once upon a time shaved a stranger. So he was sent for.

"*Oi have shaved gintlemin in me toime, sur. Indade oi have that, sur,*" he said, as he rubbed his own rough chin and gazed at me. All the guests of the hotel stood round and grinned.

"Will ye please let me feel the idge av yer razor, sur."

"I haven't one. I can't shave myself, so do not carry an outfit."

"De ye tell me that, now? Well, sure we'll have to do something for ye, sur." He scratched his head and looked thoughtfully perplexed until it was suggested that his own razor might do. Off he set and returned with a razor he told us he had inherited. But he brought no brush.

"De ye mane to tell me at the afgo, that ye have devil a brush, sur?"

"Devil a brush," I answered. So off he set and again returned. He did the lathering with a certain amount of indiscretion, but when he took my chin in his left hand I was alarmed to



MR. ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT

see his right, which held the ancestral razor, chop the air in spasmodic strokes as though stricken with St. Vitus' dance.

"Are ye ready, sur?" he asked.

"I don't think I am quite. Do you mind continuing to lather? I want to think."

I realised clearly that the problem was how to escape this man and also get rid of the bristles, and I turned the matter over in my mind for a long time.

"Yer the first Englishman, sur, that iver oi shaved wid a brush. Troth! it's me b'y oi should have sint ye, sur: he swapes the shstreets, sur. It's by the Lard's mercy oi have not worn a hole in yer chake. Bedad! oi do not know what London chake is made av. Flesh and blood could nivver have stood it." There was nothing for it but to let him begin.

Anyone is, of course, entitled to disbelief, but the fact remains that at the first scrape he cut a gash half an inch long, and the gods know how deep. I protested.

"Fat the devil do ye mane, sur, by stirring when the knife's an yer chake?"

"On my cheek! It was in my cheek! Let go my hair, will you?"

"Ye'll oblige me by kaping shtill, sur."

"You'll much oblige me by letting go my hair."

"It was wrang ye was to move, sur, when the razor was agin yer chake."

"Move! I never stirred till you began to slice me. Let go my hair!"

"Remember that whiniver a knife is on yer skin to kape as shtill as a slaping ass, sur."

"I don't want your instructions; I want you to let go my hair. I've been shaved quite enough."

He theatrically shut his ragged razor.

"As yer loike, sur; and oi'll now lave ye to yoursilf, sur, and devil another razor may ye foind upon yer chake till yer beard is as long, and oi'll say this, sur, as t'ick an' as shticky, sur, as say-weed t'rown up by the storm."

He departed with a shilling, and I with three cuts on my face. I'll never ask for a shave in Belmullet again.

#### Alexis Krausse writes:—

I am tempted to respond to the request for a brief account of the most remarkable journalistic experience I have ever passed through, by citing the invitation which I have just received from the Editor of *The Ludgate*. A pressman employs the greater portion of his time in detailing the experiences of others, and to be asked to relate some of his own is in itself a sufficiently remarkable incident to merit special recognition. And yet there is no reason why a journalist should not write about himself, for his experiences are sufficiently varied to make it a difficult matter to decide, in my own case at least, which has been the most remarkable. I might cite a certain occasion when I was forced to ride in the Lord Mayor's Show in the ennobling character of Richard Cœur de Lion, clad in a full suit of armour, with visor fixed so as to prevent a handkerchief being used for ten mortal hours. Or, in illustration of a very different class of experience, I could tell of a trip undertaken in a herring boat which put out from Clovelly Harbour some years ago for a six-hours' drift, but, being caught in a gale, had to keep the Bristol Channel and there remain for forty hours, without any stores on board or much hope of getting into port again. But, unpleasant as such mishaps are, they pall before a brief incident which happened on March 19th, 1887, when the Queen had commanded a special private performance of the Paris Hippodrome, then appearing at what is now known as Olympia. The whole proceedings were private, and no one was supposed to be admitted excepting the Royal party and the performers. Being instructed to describe the proceedings, I made the necessary arrangements, and duly found myself one of very few favoured visitors during the performance; and I was gratified when one of the executive told me that if I liked to see the Queen as she went round the stables to inspect the animals, he would find me a coign of vantage. I jumped at the offer and was

following my guide round the dens when he suddenly exclaimed, "Look out, they're coming!" and I saw that the Queen, accompanied by the Princess Beatrice and her husband, and a number of her grandchildren, was coming in our direction. "Here you are: jump in!" said my guide, and I jumped. The gate slammed, and I found myself in a good-sized den with Jock and Jenny, the well-known performing elephants. Then I heard voices, and the Queen, seated in her Bath-chair, came on; and so did Jock and Jenny. In a moment her Majesty had passed, but I remained fixed between the elephants, and feeling that my hour had come. It was only a moment, but the beasts meant business, and the pressure was acute. I gasped, and then Lockhart, the trainer, turned up in the nick of time, and I got out without anything worse than a severe fright; but I haven't forgotten it. I think that it was upon the whole the most unpleasant experience I have undergone.

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Finally Charles M. Sheldon writes:

I have never had an experience leave a more indelible impression on my memory than an incident which occurred on the desert march of the Dongola Expedition from Kosheh to Dulgo in '96.

To start with, the force was in bad condition in consequence of the dysentery and cholera that had ravaged the camp during the three months previous. The two water depots in the desert were mere iron cisterns filled with muddy water that had stood in the Soudan sun at least one day, and when the battalion of Egyptians that preceded us had come up to it in the evening, the recently invalided and weaker men who drank of it were immediately sick and threw it up; not unnaturally when even the thirsty horses refused it!

A half-dozen of us—correspondents—started from where we had bivouacked in the desert after our first ten miles' march, before it was light enough to really see our way, and had stumbled along in the dark five or six miles before it became clear enough to make out our surroundings. We discerned, gradually, that we were following the trail along a plain lined with high, black, cinder-like mountains, between which, stretching beyond, were dim, jagged horizons of ragged peaks like rows of teeth. As we padded silently along searching the faint path, out of the low shadows just lifting in the light we noticed a grey-brown figure dragging itself toward us. Two of us turned our horses and cantered out to it.

When we came near the poor semblance of

a man painfully pulled himself up and tried to present arms, but his strength failed him and the gun dragged him to his knees. His mouth was open but no sound came from it—his tongue was a dry bone rattling in it. But with his hands he reached out to us in supplication, pointing tremblingly to our water-bottles and then to his mouth.

What amazed us most was the queer personality of the man. "This is the first red-headed Egyptian I've seen," said the man with me. "Why he looks like an Irishman!" And he certainly did. Imagine the mixture! His pale brown face was freckled like a true son of Erin, and his short nose above a broad upper lip was actually red from sunburn.

After resuscitating this strange hybrid we left him with our servants to follow on one of the pack camels, and rode on wondering what particular Irish regiment quartered in the past at Cairo had left this odd souvenir of its stay.

A mile or two further along two of our party noticed vultures waddling around something a few yards from the path that certainly was too small to be a camel. Riding up to it, it transpired to be another Egyptian soldier in the last stages. The poor fellow lay on his back, his head thrown back, his eyes staring and his fore-arms up just as a dead man lies. The sun was just rising, and the first rays of its awful strength would soon have scorched the last feeble flutter of life out of him. In another half hour the vultures would have had his eyes out. We had come up just in the nick of time! It was heart-rending to see the poor fellow beg for more water when he had been given a little to start with. Our Kababeesh guide, who poured half a skin over him—which did him more good than what he had drunk—was greatly disgusted when he learned that the man had only been lost and without drink a matter of twenty-four hours. "A man of my tribe," he said proudly, "would not get thus far toward death in four days." Just as we were going on with this second man two more came up supporting a third. The first two of these had been sent out to bring in the other, and all three were lost together. They fought for our water-bottles like wild beasts, each man trying to gulp it all down from the rest.

By ten we came up with the brigade, at the second water station, who had lost these men, and leaving them to the hospital corps we went on through the afternoon tracing our course ahead by the dead camels each with its bunch of filthy birds teetering round it, and we finally reached Dulgo and the river at dusk—with all the joy of the Israelites when they reached the Promised Land.

# Parallel Diaries

WRITTEN BY A. P. ILLUSTRATED BY J. SHIRREFFS

Extract from the Diary of Miss Laura Maine, *The Oaks, Selbridge, Surrey.*



HIS day has had so much wretchedness in it, without anything definite having happened either, that it seems to hold a week's time and to be all confusion, like a bad dream—no beginnings, no ends, only scraps of misery. For to-day I had the chance of speaking to him—my first chance since the day of the quarrel—and I've thrown it away! To-morrow he leaves Selbridge, and leaves gladly, no doubt. If

he had cared one little bit about seeing me again and trying to make it up, he would have got an invitation to the Howards this afternoon by fair means or foul, for he must have known that we were likely to go. All the others have gone—mother and the girls—and I wish now, with all my heart, that I had gone, too, and tried to enjoy myself, instead of doing—what I did.

But I had heard *quite* by chance, and *most* indirectly, that old Wells expected him up at the Grange this afternoon towards four o'clock to see about some dogs. I guessed that he would go by Love Lane, and if I happened to be strolling there when he passed he couldn't possibly know that it was anything but chance that brought me. I so often go by the lane to the village, and stop there on my way for flowers and wild strawberries. Why shouldn't I be doing it to-day?

So, like the fool that I am, I rushed upstairs as soon as the others had left for the Howards, put on my white muslin

with the flowered ribbons and my big sun-bonnet, and a bunch of pinks at my waist, and started off, taking a basket for the flowers and wearing an *old* pair of garden-gloves, to look casual.

I made myself walk as slowly as I could, even stopping for some poppies in Bishop's Field on the way. Somehow I felt quite hopeful then. It was such a heavenly day—gloriously hot, and full of loveliness and bird-sounds and the smell of honey. I thought nothing in the world *could* stay wrong.

But when the village clock struck half-past three, I began to get nervous. My heart seemed to tick the seconds in hard blows. But there was not a human being in sight—only the cows and the sheep; and I got boldly over the stile into the lane, and began picking the strawberries busily.

Then I saw the top of a grey cap moving along on the other side of the hedge. In two minutes he would be at the end of the lane, and would see me. I couldn't bear it. I felt guilty. He would know that I had come on purpose—my face would say it, and I should be too ashamed to live. I looked round me, panic-stricken, saw a gap in the hedge, and dashed through it just as he must have got to the top stile.

There I hid. I heard him come nearer and nearer. Close to the gap he stopped, struck a match, lit his cigarette, and—went on.

I would have given the whole world to call him back; and nothing in the whole world would have made me do it.

I just sat and cried. And when I knew he must be right out of sight, I picked up my basket and came home to cry more.

What can I say when the others get back and notice my red eyes? They shall never know that I spent so much as



"LIT A CIGARETTE AND WENT ON"

even the least humorous of the gods. I have seen her — but not spoken to her.

And as I gather from many small sources that she is as indifferent about this miserable quarrel as I am tormented, I can only tell myself that it's better like this. It will doubtless be a great relief to her, now, when I am out of the place. I shall take the early train in the morning.

Until this afternoon I had felt that everything might easily be put right. If I didn't see her during the day, I had meant to go to The Oaks this evening — brave her possible anger — risk anything for the chance of a reconciliation — and a good-bye. But things turned out differently.

Young Eyre had told me that he didn't think the Maines were going to the Howards to-day, so I made no efforts to get asked or taken there, and arranged, instead, to go up to the Grange about the terriers. I walked there by Love Lane — for association's

a tear on a man who cares no more about me, apparently, than — than I mean to care for him from this day onwards.

No — no — I won't cry any more —  
(The remainder of this extract is illegible.)

*Extract from the Diary of Victor Marsden, Esq., The Inn, Selbridge, Surrey.*

My last day here, and I hope it has been sufficiently wretched to please

sake; but when I got to the far end of Bishop's Field, I ran across the Muirs on their way to the Howards. Mrs. Muir told me that she had permission to bring any tennis man that she liked to the garden-party; and that she knew Mrs Howard would be charmed if I were to accompany them, &c., &c. She added that she had just seen the Maines

relented towards me became a certainty. I couldn't go to The Oaks to-night. But as I passed the house on my evening stroll, the drawing-room windows were wide open to the ground, and the curtains pushed back—for air I suppose. I could see her. She was sitting at the piano with her back towards me, and young Eyre was standing over her, sing-



"AS I PASSED THE HOUSE FOR MY EVENING STROLL"

driving there. That settled it. I went. I could do the Grange later on.

And when I got to the Howards it was to find that she alone, of all her people, was not there. I spoke to Mrs. Maine. She told me that Laura had not cared to come, but that they had hoped to see me there! That could only mean one thing: she had stayed away on purpose. I stopped ten minutes, and then slipped off.

After that my fear that she had not

ing. I could hear his beastly voice murdering that song of Cowen's: "Alas, how easily things go wrong!" I looked on for as long as I could bear it, and then turned in.

Great Heaven! what fools we make of ourselves! A day of blankest misery—and for what? For the sake of a girl who wouldn't turn a hair if she read of my death in the papers to-morrow! Why can't I see that it's all very funny—only funny?

# *How Greyhounds are Trained*

WRITTEN BY WELLESLEY PAIN. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS

**W**ITHIN a fortnight of the appearance of this article the Waterloo Cup, the most important coursing event of the year, will be decided. The finest greyhounds in the world are reserved for this meeting, and the preparation they undergo for their work receives the most careful attention.

One of the most celebrated kennels in England is that belonging to Mr. M. G. Hale. They are situated at the little village of Claydon, Suffolk, and by the courtesy of Mr. Hale I visited the kennels and interviewed his trainer, Mr. J. Harman, who probably knows as much about greyhounds as any other man in the kingdom.

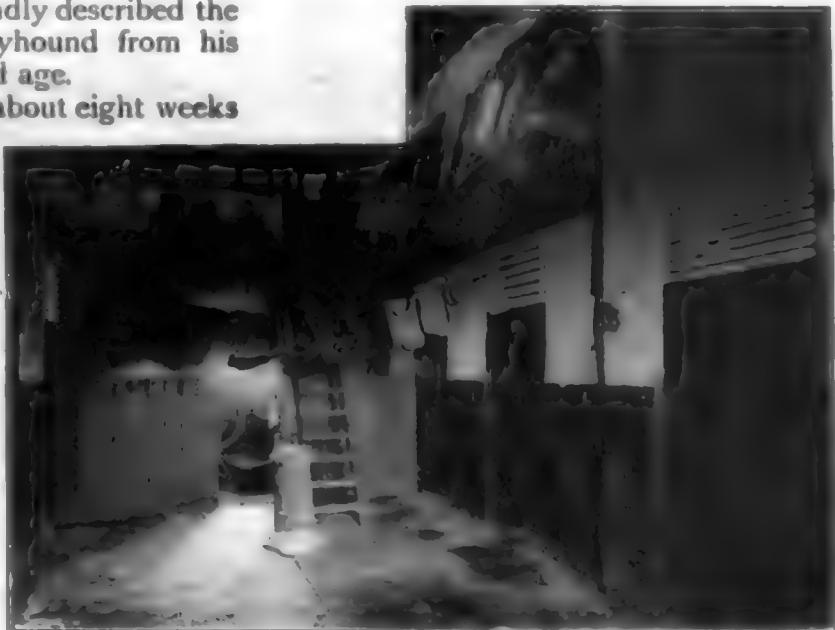
Mr. Harman very kindly described the life of a first-class greyhound from his earliest youth to his old age.

When the puppy is about eight weeks old (by the way, he is then called a whelp, and not puppy), he is taken to a kindly farmer, who looks after him, feeds him well, and allows him all his liberty. Many a good greyhound is spoilt by being shut up when young. The farmer who looks after the puppies is said to be "walking" them.

It is a great advantage to the owner of the puppies to have them born as early in the year as possible, as, for coursing purposes, the age of a greyhound dates from the year in which he is born, and not from any particular day. The best puppies are usually those that are born in February, as they then have all the spring and

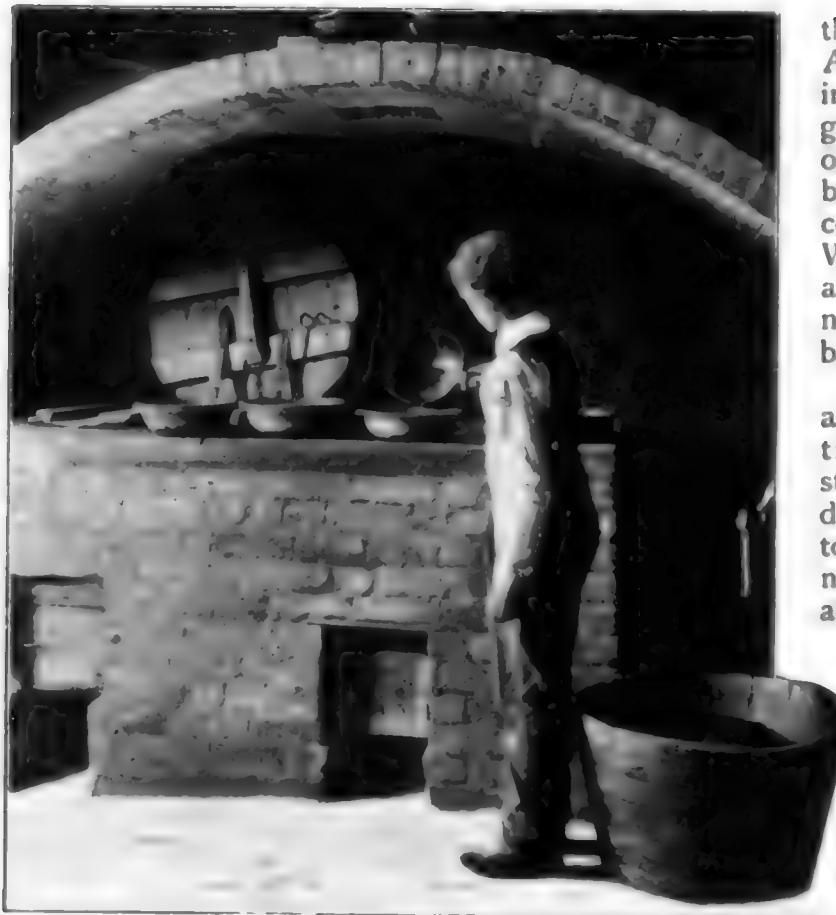
summer in which to grow. They come back from the "walk" in the following September, at which time they are called saplings, and are eligible to run in sapling stakes. Sapling stakes are always limited to four dogs; thus a sapling is never called upon to run more than two courses in one stake.

The training of a sapling is a very trifling matter. If he has been reared well and is in good health, no particular preparation is necessary. An untrained dog will often run better than a dog who has undergone a preparation, because the latter is apt to run in a stale condition. Of course, when two or three courses have to be run, stamina tells,



INTERIOR OF THE KENNELS  
Photo by R. W. Thomas, Chequers

and the trained dog has the advantage; but in a sapling stake it frequently happens that the youngster only runs once, and then divides the stake. Many trainers regard these sapling stakes simply as a means of giving their dogs a lesson in public running.



THE DOGS' KITCHEN  
Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapeide

The young greyhound runs as a sapling for the whole of its first season, but when the next September comes round he is called a puppy, and is entered in puppy stakes. As the season does not close until the following April, it is quite possible that the puppy may be a two-year-old dog. Its proper training is a very important matter.

With regard to exercise, the popular idea — especially amongst private coursers and men who only keep two or three greyhounds—is that the dog should have plenty of long gallops behind a horse. Too much of

this is a great mistake. A dog so trained gets into a ding-dong style of gallop and is incapable of altering it. He also becomes stale by the continued hard work. When called upon to run at a meeting he exhibits no fire or dash; it has all been taken out of him.

The right way to bring a greyhound into condition is to walk him steadily every day for a distance of from twelve to fifteen miles. He must not be allowed to potter along the road in his

own sweet way, but should be led by the trainer. The reason is that continual exercise is thus given, and this without tiring the dog. When he comes in from his walk the greyhound is brushed and groomed.

A dandy brush is

used to clean away the mud and dust from his feet, and a glove specially prepared for the purpose is used for the grooming. The trainer takes care to go thoroughly all over the dog, as a great deal depends upon this work. When the greyhound is at exercise he wears a thick "sheet"; this is exchanged for one of thinner quality



THE DOGS' BED  
Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapeide

when he is at home. The walking exercise alone is not sufficient, however. Every other day the greyhound is galloped, and this is done in the following manner: A kennel man holds the dogs. The trainer walks away for nearly half a mile. At a given signal the kennel man releases one of the dogs, who naturally gallops towards the trainer. When the dog has got away about

The kennel in which the greyhound lives must be warm and dry, and free from draught. From the accompanying illustration it will be seen that Mr. Hale's kennels consist of a large lofty building divided up into small compartments, and heated by an American stove. In each of these compartments three dogs live. The floor of the kennel is composed of cement, and the dogs



GROOMING THE DOGS  
Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside

twenty yards another dog is released, and so the process goes on until all the dogs are running towards the trainer at a distance of about twenty yards from each other. If the dogs were allowed to run together they would either play or fight with each other, and the leading dog must be a very good one at galloping, or the gallop will be spoilt. In addition to this work a greyhound in training is allowed to have a course about once a week. So much for the exercise of the dogs.

lie on a large wooden bench raised about a foot from the ground. The walls of the kennel are whitewashed, and large windows admit plenty of light. An illustration is given of the dogs on their bed. The black dog is the well-known "Happy Sammy," who ran in the last eight of the Waterloo Cup last year. He is looking rather dejected, but that is because he knows he is an intruder. He was included in the picture as he is a black dog, and a contrast was needed to the other two.

Each dog knows its own kennel, and in posing the dogs for this picture a great deal of persuasion was required before "Happy Sammy" would come in. Besides the kennels in which the dogs live there is included in the building a larder and a very large kitchen.

On the occasion of my visit the larder was well stocked with bullocks' heads, while in the kitchen two huge coppers were filled with a savoury soup. The soup, by the way, was flavoured with cabbage. The dogs are very fond of vegetables. As a rule, their food consists of brown bread or biscuits soaked in broth, with a little meat.



A BEAUTIFUL PAIR: HAPPY SIGHT AND HAPPY SAMMY

This bread is made specially for the dogs by a local baker, and it is kept for a week before being given to them. Sometimes they have Hovis bread for a change; but whatever the food may be, it is always the very finest that can be procured. If the meeting at which the dog is running is situated at some distance from the kennels, and extends over a period of two or three days, sufficient food for the dog during that time is carried by the trainer.

The careful trainer knows how to doctor the dogs after a severe punishing

course. Mr. Harman pins his faith to whisky and sherry. That a restorative is necessary may be gathered from the fact that a greyhound will often run himself to a standstill. A trainer dreads these long courses, and many a dog has been ruined by having run a hard course as a sapling. A dog who has had such a course does not soon forget it.

One often sees greyhounds exhibited at dog shows, but a courser looks rather contemptuously on such dogs. It is usually found, however, that a greyhound who runs well is generally a good-looking dog. With regard to colour, a good greyhound, like a horse, cannot be a bad colour. Some years ago, brindle dogs were very unpopular, and dogs of this colour were seldom seen at public meetings. However, since the success of such dogs as "Fullerton," "Young Fullerton" and others—all brindle dogs—this colour has become rather fashionable. Mr. Harman told me that he liked any dog except a pure white one. He did not much care for light fawn dogs, as this colour is supposed to betray weakness. Some time ago a gentleman interested in coursing took the trouble to compare the colours of the

most celebrated dogs during the past twenty years, and it was found that there was no one particular colour more prominent than the others.

One is able to get a very good idea of the powers of a greyhound by studying his shape and formation. A dog with cow-hocks, i.e., with the hocks turning inwards, cannot possibly display any speed, and such a dog is always discarded. The back of the greyhound should be perfectly straight. Many years ago the roach or curved back was considered to be the best, but this idea

is dead. A good greyhound should stand a trifle lower in front than at the back. The hocks should be set well down, the shoulders sloping, and it stands to reason that a dog with a long neck and a powerful jaw is able to pick up and dispatch his hare pretty quickly. A good greyhound stands—to use a technical expression—well “on his toes.” The advantage of standing in this position is that the dog’s weight is properly distributed; when a dog stands otherwise its weight is thrown on to the pad of the foot, and the pastern (that part of the leg between the knee and the foot) is liable to give way under the strain of hard work. Although these facts as to the formation of a dog are well known by coursers, it is still impossible for a man to say with certainty why one dog is faster than another.

It might be thought that the fastest dog among the whole sixty-four engaged in the Waterloo Cup would naturally beat all the others, but this is not by any means the case. For instance, Mr.

Hale has in his kennels a dog that was generally acknowledged last year to be the fastest dog in England. The dog’s name is “Happy Sight,” and he won the Waterloo Purse last year. Yet his trainer does not consider him to be such a good dog as “Happy Sammy.” “Happy Sammy” is a little slower than “Happy Sight,” but a great deal cleverer with his hare. It is usually found that a very fast dog is unable to recover himself quickly when the hare turns; before he has got back to his work the slower dog has nipped in, is working the hare, and, of course, scoring.

The weight of the dogs is a very important point. The bigger the dog the better as a rule, up to 65 lb. A large dog has a longer stride than a small one, and is, consequently, faster. But a small dog will often beat a large one when it comes to working the hare.

My thanks are due to Mr. Hale for allowing me to visit his kennels and to have them photographed, also for kindly reading a proof of this article.



THREE PROMISING YOUNGSTERS

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside



THE SUPPLIANT

Photo by Eddie Gandy-Carries

# *The Fashions of the Month*

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FIG. 1

**T**HE even of amber soft silk (Fig. 1) of mousseline de soie edged lace, falling in stole ends to the waist here it is finished with gold bessies.

Fig. 2.—Ball dress of pink satin veiled



FIG. 2

in black chiffon. The skirt has 2 panel and bands of rich velvet brocade. The bodice is satin and chiffon, with a vest of brocade edged with sable, long sleeves of chiffon and lace, and edged with sable.



FIG. 3

Fig. 3.—Dinner gown of black moiré velours, appliqués of velvet jewelled. The front of the robe and the epaulettes are of rose point lace, and sewn with crystals. Loose sash of eau-de-Nil silk heavily fringed in gold.



FIG. 4

Fig. 4.—Paletot of powder blue cloth with revers, storm collar and cuffs of dark sable. Toque white satin, lace and plumes, and edged with sable.

# INSOMNIA

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FIG. 6

**Fig. 5.**—Evening gown of heliotrope silk and white chiffon. The skirt is festooned with frills of chiffon, which are in turn edged with jewelled passementerie. The bodice has a berthe of pansy coloured velvet, and a bunch of that flower completes a charming toilette.

**Fig. 6.**—Visiting gown of purple velvet and appliquéd lace. Fur of Russian sable and picture hat of purple velvet to correspond, with paradise plumes and diamond clasp.

FIG. 5



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FIG. 7

Fig. 7.—Matinée costume of sun-pleated silk bodice and sleeves of chiffon. The cape is brocaded velours and edged with chinchilla. Toque of white velvet spangled with gold, and trimmed ribbon and plumes.



FIG. 8

Fig. 8.—This cloak is of black silk veiled in sequined crêpe-de-chine, with jet motifs here and there. The yoke and storm collar is edged with box-pleated satin ribbon, and the collar has a lining peeping over the edge of white chiffon.